

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



BY APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. THE KING.

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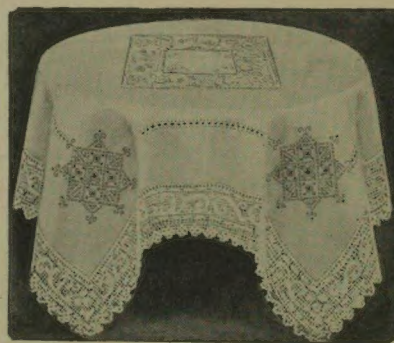


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200 ROOMS AND BATHS.
CENTRAL .
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MODERATE TERMS.

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OWNED AND CONTROLLED BY THE OLD SHIP HOTEL.

Your Ancestors used it!
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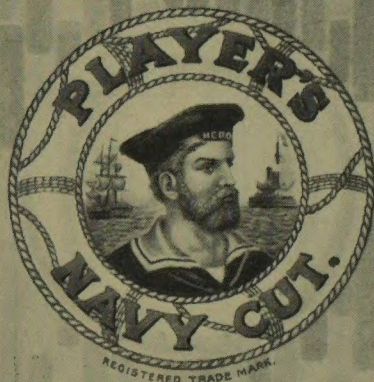
BURGESS' Essence of Anchovies

It is The Best Fish Sauce

Established 1760



*Player's
Please*



"It's the Tobacco that counts"

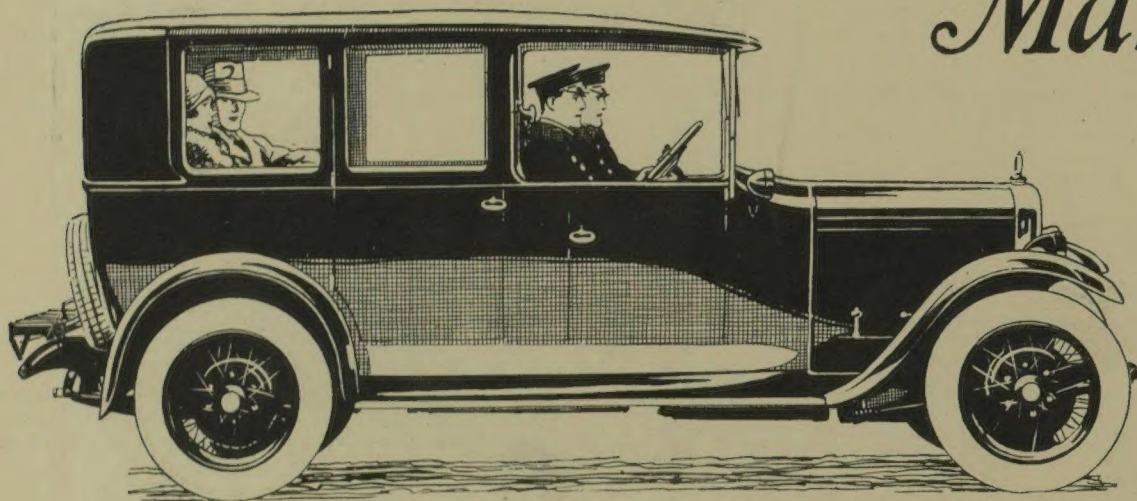
Player's "MEDIUM" Navy Cut CIGARETTES 10 for 6d 20 for 11½d

NCC 610



*Sir Herbert
Austin K.B.E.*

*and the 20 h.p. 4-Cyl.
"Marlborough"
Landaulet.*



"For those who require a chauffeur-driven car of refined appearance, yet low purchase price, we built the 7-seater Marlborough Landaulet.

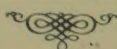
It is beautifully upholstered and equipped and has the appearance and performance of a car in a far higher price class. The rear portion of

head lowers and the auxiliary seats face forward; ample weather protection is afforded the driver by detachable side curtains. Depreciation is remarkably low and this Landaulet will give years of that silent, dependable, economical service that is synonymous with the name of Austin."

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BIRMINGHAM

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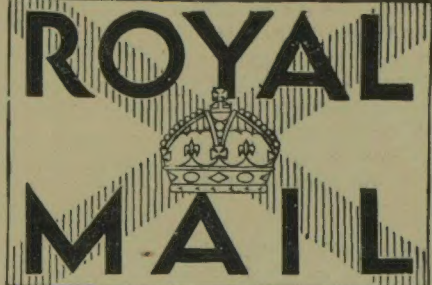
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Service Station & Showrooms: Holland Park Hall, W.11

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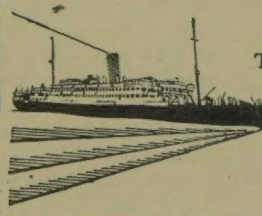
IN
EVER-CHANGING
SCENERY



CRUISING PROGRAMME 1929



TO THE



MEDITERRANEAN

"ARCADIAN"

May 17. Morocco and Atlantic Isles. 15 days.* Fares from 27 guineas.

"ARAGUAYA"

June 28. Spain, Portugal, Tangier. 14 days.* Fares from 22 guineas.

July 13. Gibraltar, Tangier, Barcelona. 13 days.* Fares from 20 guineas.

July 27. Spain, Portugal, Tangier, 16 days.* Fares from 26 guineas.

Aug. 16. Venice, Dalmatian Coast, etc. 22 days.* Fares from 38 guineas.

"ARCADIAN"

Sept. 6. Venice, Dalmatian Coast, etc. 22 days.* Fares from 38 guineas.

"ARAGUAYA"

Sept. 13. Athens, Constantinople, etc. 24 days.* Fares from 42 guineas.

"ARCADIAN"

Oct. 4. Algiers, Constantinople, etc. 24 days.* Fares from 42 guineas.

"ARAGUAYA"

Oct. 11. Naples, Constantinople, etc. 24 days.* Fares from 42 guineas.

*From Southampton

SPECIAL
BALTIC CRUISE

"ARAGUAYA"

June 7. Baltic. Specially planned to view the architecture of the principal buildings of Northern Capitals. From Southampton. 15 days. Fares from 22 guineas.

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TO

NORWAY

"ARCADIAN"

June 14. North Cape (Midnight Sun). From Immingham and Leith (June 15). 20 days. Fares from 30 guineas.

"AVON"

June 28. From London and Leith (June 29). 12 days. Fares from 19 gns.

"ARCADIAN"

July 5. Iceland, Spitzbergen, North Cape (Midnight Sun). From Immingham and Leith (July 6). 20 days. Fares from 30 guineas.

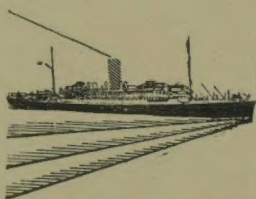
July 26. From Immingham and Leith (July 27). 14 days. Fares from 22 guineas.

"AVON"

Aug. 2. From London and Leith (Aug. 3). 12 days. Fares from 19 gns.

"ARCADIAN"

Aug. 10. Northern Capitals. From Immingham and Leith (Aug. 11). 21 days. Fares from 32 guineas.



ROUND IRELAND

"AVON"

June 14. From Southampton. 12 days. Fares from 19 gns.

ROUND
BRITISH ISLES

"AVON"

July 13. 16 days.* Fares from 25 guineas.

Aug. 17. 12 days.* Fares from 19 guineas.

Aug. 31. 14 days.* Fares from 22 guineas.

*From London (Tilbury)

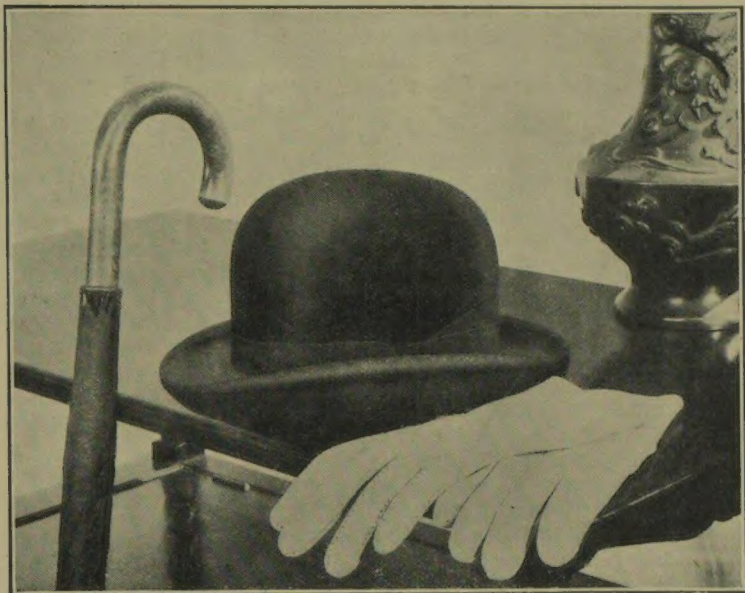


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Of finest quality fur-felt. Satin lined. Hand shaped and finished in four widths of brim. Most popular for town wear.

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Coating, Covert
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GARDEN is a Tradition
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THE MODERN ELECTRICAL SOLUTION
OF THE LARDER PROBLEM.

QUITE an interesting study might be made of customs of various nations in relation to the preservation and care of food. A comparative review might suggest that we in Great Britain are not altogether more scientific, more hygienic, in this matter than certain other peoples. It might also reveal curious anomalies in our methods, such as lavishing the highest technical skill and mechanical equipment on the wholesale handling of food, and relapsing on haphazard methods in shops and houses.

Such an inquiry, moreover, might indicate that the frequent discussions about the relative merits of English, American, and Continental cooking are often beside the point. The value of the final gastronomic result may depend as much on the condition and cleanliness of the raw material as on the ability or experience of the cook. An average cook with food of ideal quality may well achieve a higher reputation than an expert with inferior stuff.

Another phase of this inquiry would be the effect of economic changes on our methods of storing food. While the growth of competition and the opening up of sources of supply thousands of miles away from these islands have led to a great improvement in the treatment of food in transit, conditions in the home itself have deteriorated. When house-building was cheap and when domestic labour was fairly abundant, most houses were provided with a large, cool, well-ventilated larder, generally underground or at least well away from the heat of the kitchen or of the sun's rays. Nowadays, when economic conditions make space-saving and labour-saving a prime necessity in the design of the majority of homes, the larder suffers both in size and efficiency. Its drawbacks were for a time masked by the use of preservatives in food, but that disguise is no longer available. On grounds of public health the Legislature has decided that foods must be delivered to the customer in a pure condition. This decision has placed upon the householder the obligation of safeguarding food from deterioration and decay; and the majority of modern

larders are, it must be confessed, a very indifferent means of meeting this obligation.

Apart from being imperfectly ventilated or protected against dust, their main fault is that, save during the colder weeks of winter, they are not cool enough. Food will keep fresh and in good condition—that is to say, at its highest appetising and dietetic quality—for an indefinite period if its temperature does not rise much above forty-five degrees on the Fahrenheit scale. Above that level there is no check on the germ action which leads ultimately to putrefaction. Our forebears secured the necessary conditions, approximately at least, "in cellar cool." We can now secure them with the aid of science. All that we have to do is to apply, on the small scale suitable for the domestic environment, the principles adopted by food purveyors on the large scale.

The use of electricity to provide light, heat, and motion is now familiar to everybody. The use of the same mode of energy to produce "cold" is on the way to becoming equally familiar. Strictly speaking, however, it is not electricity which produces the cold in the electrical refrigerator. Most forms of cooling apparatus depend on the evaporation of a volatile liquid. When we moisten our brow with eau-de-Cologne, the refreshing effect is due to the rapid evaporation of the spirit. Similarly in an electrical refrigerator we use a rapidly evaporating substance such as sulphur-dioxide to "draw the heat" from the air-space in which the food is stored. All that we use the electricity for is to compress the resulting vapour back again into a liquid, so that it may be used over again as a refrigerator.

An electrical refrigerator, therefore, is essentially a vapour-cooled cabinet with an electrical compressor-pump attached. A vast amount of experiment and research has been concentrated on getting the apparatus into the simple, reliable, and automatic form suitable for the domestic user. What the householder wants is a machine that will never remind him that it is a machine. Thus we find in the modern domestic refrigerator all the working parts totally enclosed so that they are fully protected and operate almost silently. Again, the lubricating system is a "closed circuit," enabling the oil to be used over and over again and obviating the generally forgotten duty of occasional oiling.

Automatic action is obtained by a variety of ingenious devices. For example, when the temperature of the air-space rises above the limit for food preservation, little bellows filled with the vapour expand with the heat, trip a switch, and so start up the electric motor and set the cooling action going again. As soon as the air-space cools sufficiently, the bellows contract and switch off the motor. The duty of the housewife, therefore, is limited to placing the food in the refrigerator and keeping the door shut.

As the electric motor is a very small one and is at work only intermittently, the cost of operation is exceedingly moderate, and is covered over and over again in the saving of food and the ensuring of health. An incidental advantage is that the apparatus may be used for making ice or ice-cream; but its main purpose is to solve the larder problem for the modern housewife and to provide her with a perfectly simple and scientifically perfect method of keeping food clean and sweet even in the hottest weather and, if need be, in the hottest kitchen.

Rugby football under novel and very interesting conditions, and played in an excellent cause, should attract a big "gate" at Twickenham on Saturday, April 27, the date fixed for the finals of the Seven-a-Side competition organised by the Middlesex County Rugby Football Union. Middlesex won the county championship this season for the first time in their fifty years' history, and the champion county has fittingly taken up what it regards as the champion cause among charities. All profits of the competition, that is, are to be devoted to the work of the Middlesex Cancer Hospital. Prince Arthur of Connaught, Chairman of the Middlesex Hospital, has promised to attend the finals. There was a record number of entries—eighty in all, representing sixty clubs—and it was arranged to play off the first three rounds on or before April 24. The price of admission to the ground is 1s., and seats, numbered and reserved in the covered stands, may be obtained at 5s. each from the Secretary, Rugby Football Union, Twickenham, or from Messrs. Alfred Hays, Ltd., 26, Old Bond Street, London, W. It is earnestly hoped that all Rugby players and their friends will take tickets for this special day.

ON THE TOP



Don't take
chances
with your food



With a B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator, and at a cost of a few pence a week, you can make sure that all your food is kept in perfect condition. It is silent, spacious, simple, requiring no attention whatsoever—not even oiling. It can be connected to, and operated from, any electric point just as easily as an electric kettle or iron.

Now that chemical preservatives are illegal, refrigeration is essential in every home. For a small first payment you can have a B.T.H. Refrigerator at once. It costs nothing to instal.

B.T.H.

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Simplified Electric Refrigeration

There are no troublesome bells, fans, stuffing boxes, or drain pipes.

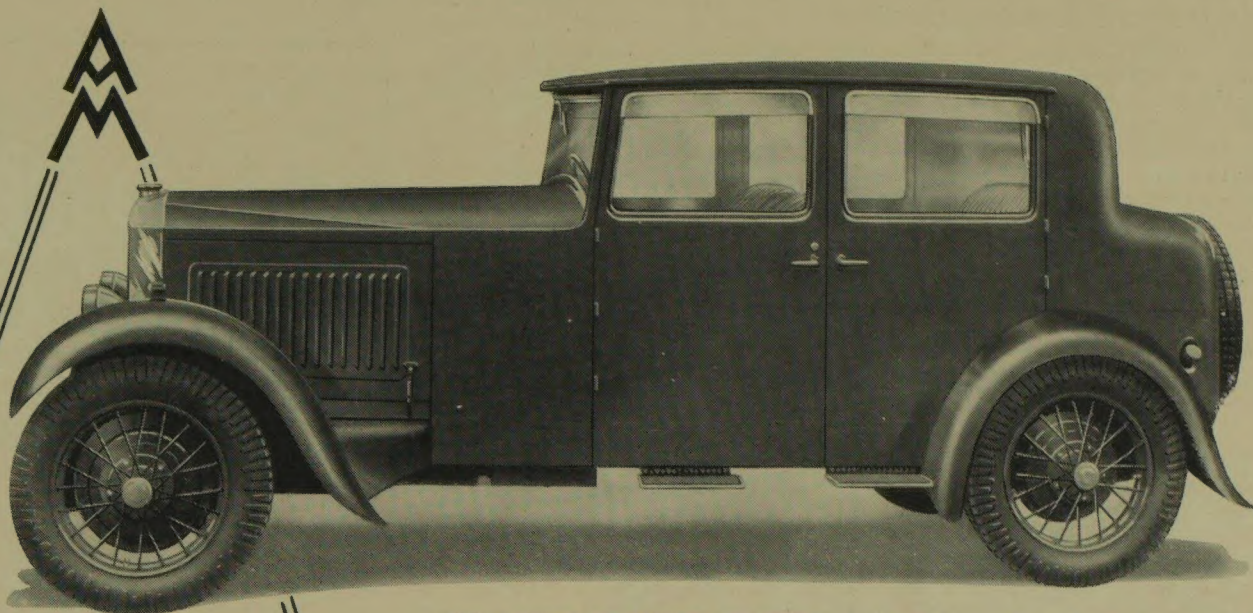
The unit being on the top of the cabinet heat is dispersed from it and not through the cabinet.

The porcelain-lined interior, with rounded corners, makes the cabinet easy to keep clean.

Ample shelf space is provided.

WRITE FOR LEAFLET R.25

The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd.,
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THE LATEST MULLINER FEATURE.—Arthur Mulliner exclusive design close-coupled 4/5 Seater 4-door saloon body, with new bicycle type wings and small steps. Rear part of body takes three large trunks and one case.



Showing rear portion open.

Body as illustrated supplied upon any chassis to client's selection. Full particulars upon application with pleasure.

At recent Concours d'Élégance d'Automobiles in Great Britain and on the Continent Mulliner Coachcraft has secured ten first awards.



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COACHBUILDERS

"The original Mulliner"
LONDON SHOWROOMS
54, BAKER ST. W.1
TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 4081

NORTHAMPTON

Warwick Wright Says

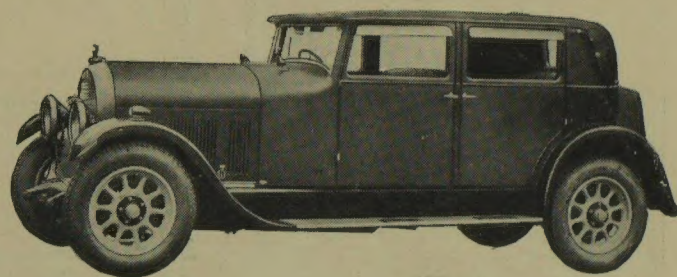
The Dawn of a Perfect Car



DRIVE behind this—the symbol of perfection, safety and silence, and experience the thrill of the Safety Stutz—so aptly styled "Consistently the Car of the Future."

150, New Bond Street, W.1.
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ISN'T EXPERIENCE



THE BEST TEACHER?

30 years' experience together with an historic name confer on the 3 new Darracq "Sixes" a distinction which entitles them to a respect not enjoyed by cars of a younger vintage.

This new 20 h.p. Six-cylinder Darracq, with vibration damped 4 bearing crankshaft engine, "Perrot" type 4 wheel brakes, 4 forward speed gear box, long semi-elliptic springing, friction shock absorbers all round, and central chassis lubrication, is a car you will be proud to own.

High-class British coachwork is standardised. Special bodies may be had to order.

Remember that the purchase of a car of Darracq quality is always an asset—the safest investment in the long run.

The model illustrated is the 20 h.p. de luxe Saloon, Price £775.

DARRACQ

ARRANGE A TRIAL RUN. Write to the Sole Distributors: UNITED MOTORS LTD., 33, Walnut Tree Walk, Kennington, S.E.11. Reliance 1183

Showrooms at 350, King's Road, Chelsea. Kensington 8651.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

MODERN COACHWORK—A CRITICAL PERIOD.

THE years 1929, 1930, and 1931 are likely to prove to be among the most important in the whole history of motor-car body design. During this period I think there is little doubt that we shall see evolved one or more types of coachwork which, with any luck, will embody the advantages of those now in use, as well as new attractions, and will not be spoilt by the faults in design and construction which have cropped up steadily year after year ever since the first complete car took the road.

Coachbuilding has reached a critical period. After years of, if not exactly inanition, at all events deliberate progress along die-hard lines, manufacturers seem to me to have suddenly awakened to the fact that what people would put up with in 1909 is

responsible for most of the so-called new ideas in coachwork. By dint of continuous complaint since the war we have persuaded coachbuilders to study the question of weight, and have induced them to give us bodies provided with a proper degree of comfort which are less wasteful of power.

The Weymann Type.

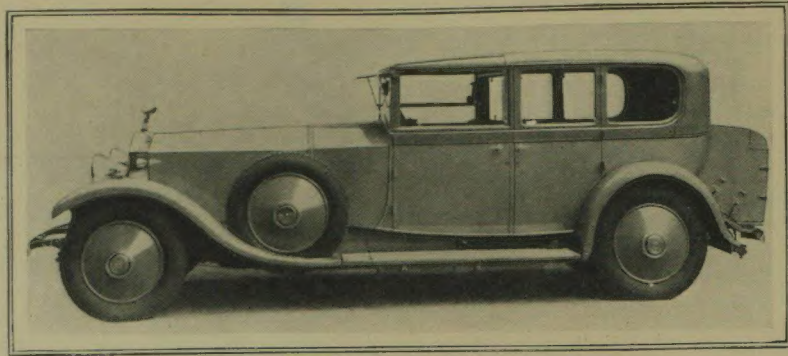
The development of the Weymann type of body, and one or two others of the flexibly mounted kind, has resulted in closed cars being available which weigh little more than open tourers, at reasonable prices. It is not everyone who, even to-day, really likes a fabric-covered

body, but there could be no two opinions about its practical utility.

For the owner-driver of moderate means who either has to do his own car-washing or can only afford to have his saloon washed and cleaned at intervals (an operation which not only takes a considerable time, but, as a rule, represents quite an item in weekly expenses), the Weymann body or any of its imitations has undoubtedly proved a godsend. It is only a short time ago that one of the major crimes for the owner of a decent car was this neglect of washing, a crime which brought swift punishment in its train in the shape of ruined appearance. A modern fabric body may now be left

dirty for an almost indefinite period with a certainty that, when it receives its long-postponed wash, no lasting damage will have been done to the surface of the material.

The Elimination of Noise. That is perhaps not the most important aspect of the matter, but it is certainly one which has



WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE AT THE RECENT CONCOURS D'ÉLÉGANCE AT MONTE CARLO: A "BARKER" PULLMAN LIMOUSINE DE VILLE ON A 40-50-H.P. "NEW PHANTOM" ROLLS-ROYCE LONG CHASSIS.

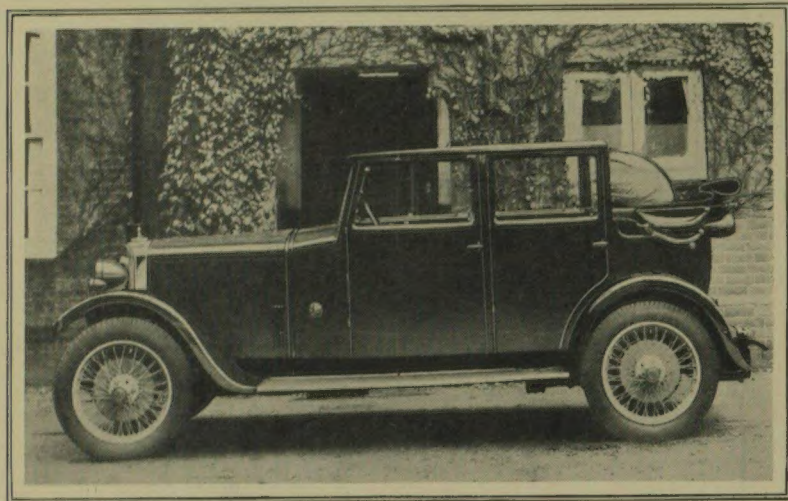
This car is the property of Sir Pomeroy Burton, and is generally regarded as one of the finest specimens of coachwork yet produced, embodying, as it does, the very latest ideas in equipment and elegant lines.

contributed to a great extent to the popularity of the type. The almost complete absence of rattles and squeaks is another. Really high-class coachbuilt bodywork will, of course, give excellent service for a long time without developing those uncouth noises which for years spoil one's appreciation of the protection and comfort afforded by the closed type of body, but it is only within very recent times, practically since the introduction of the all-steel body, that the cheap car of this design could put up any sort of showing against the flexibly mounted fabric type. Further, until recently the fabric body was usually handicapped by the difficulty experienced in turning it out with graceful lines. One need not go far back to recall the frankly hideous, box-like appearance of the early types, the lines of which undoubtedly retarded its progress in the popular estimation.

Its Greater Comfort.

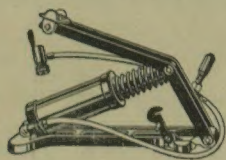
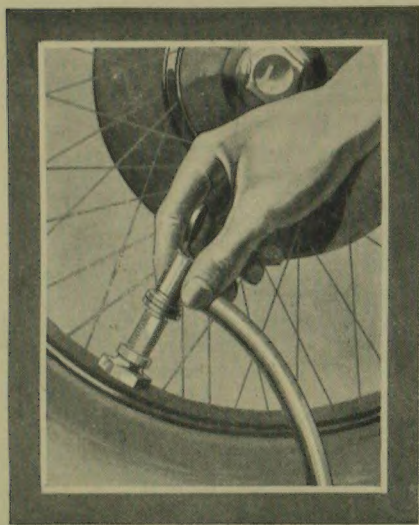
All these objections have now been removed, and even in the cheapest cars we find saloons, large and small, with lines fully the equal of those of the high-class coachbuilt order. In practical ways the fabric body has improved out of all knowledge. It

[Continued overleaf.]



A TICKFORD SUNSHINE SALOON BODY (HERE SHOWN OPEN) FITTED TO A 24-45-H.P. TALBOT CHASSIS: AN IDEAL CAR FOR LOVERS OF FRESH AIR AND UNOBSTRUCTED VIEWS.

an insult to their intelligence in 1929. When I say that coachbuilders have awakened, I am not at all sure that I do not mean have *been* awakened, for there is no doubt that it is the public who are really



JUST PUSH IT ON—

No dirt or mess

Dirty hands!
Frayed tempers!!
What a job the old screw-on connection was!
What a contrast to the Kismet connection which fits all valves—just push it on, no difficulty, no dirt, no time lost. Then a few easy strokes from the KISMET DUPLEX foot pump, with supercharged action, a glance at the pressure gauge fitted and away you go.

Unconditionally Guaranteed:
KISMET-DUPLEX, 58/6 JUNIOR, 40/-
Full particulars from:
Wm. Turner & Bro., Ltd.,
Eyre Works — Sheffield.

KISMET-DUPLEX
Two in One
FOOT-PUMP

Super  Charger

The World's most Perfect Pump



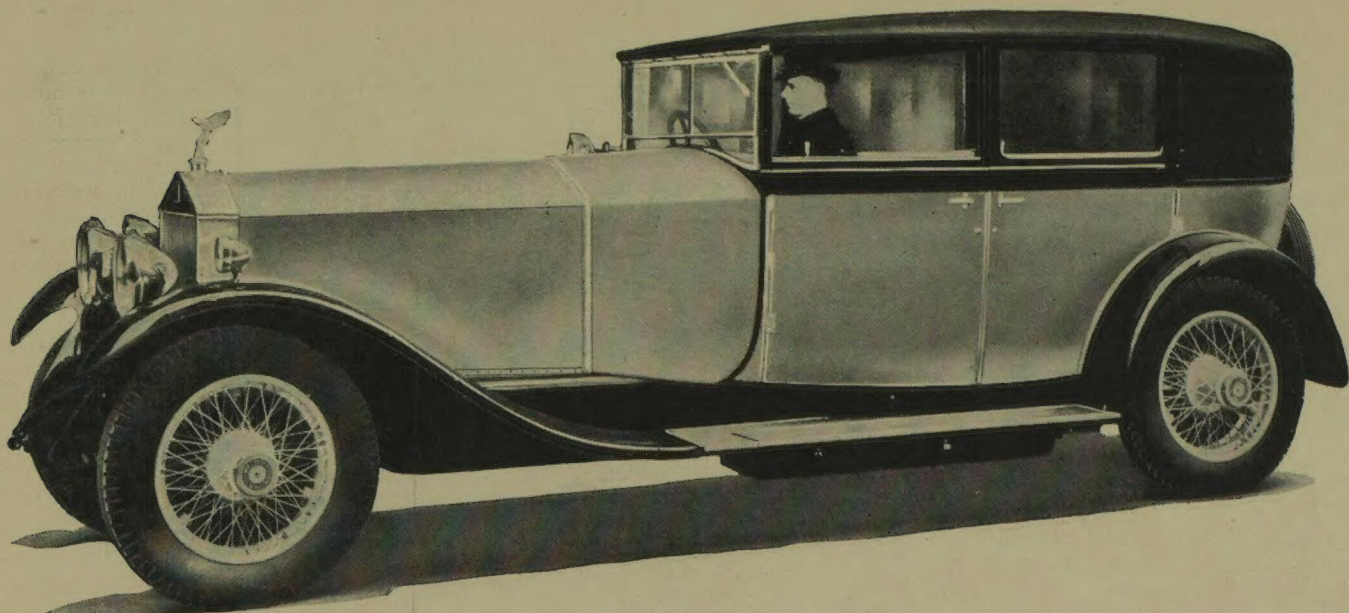
AT Montlhery on March 17th, an ordinary CHRYSLER "72" ROADSTER

standard with the exception of extra fuel and oil tanks, driven by Mr. E. A. D. Eldridge, relieved by Messrs. Kaye Don and G. E. T. Eyston, broke (subject to confirmation) the 24 hrs. International Class C Record at 72½ m.p.h., covering 1718½ miles. The car ran with sealed bonnet and hood erected, and no trouble whatever was experienced. The lubricant used was

WAKEFIELD

CASTROL
AA

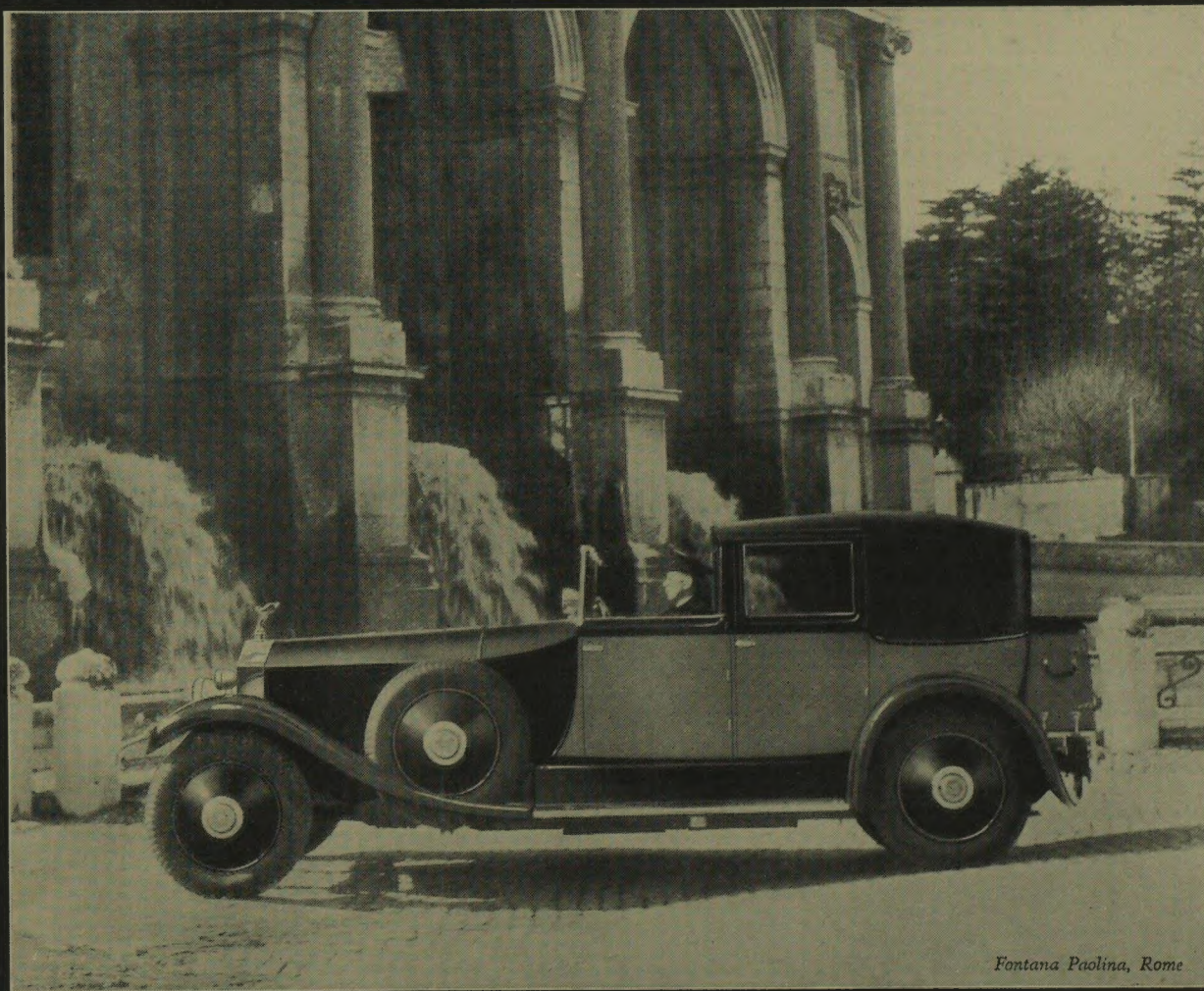
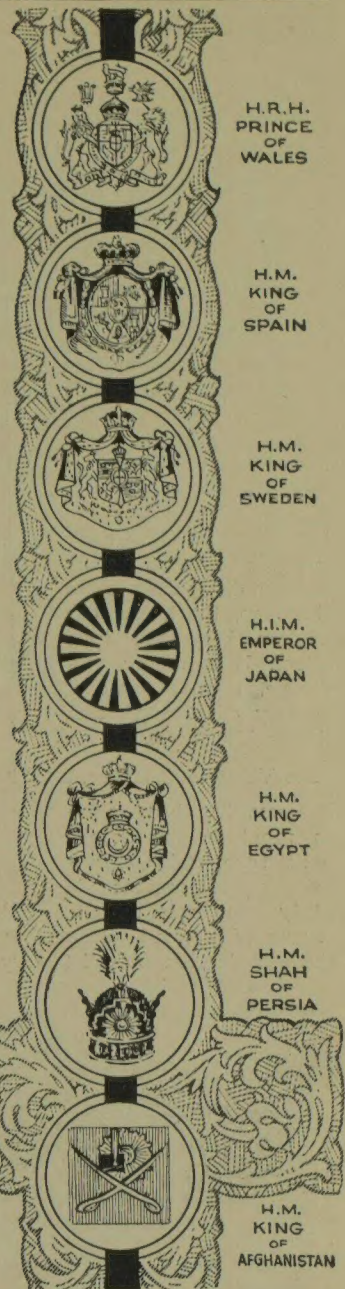
—an absolutely standard grade as recommended for Chrysler Cars, exactly as you may buy from Wakefield Branded Cabinets at 1/6 per quart.
C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD.,
All-British Firm,
Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2



ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD. 14/15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON, W.1



Fontana Paolina, Rome

HOOPER & Co. (Coachbuilders), L^{td}

AGENTS FOR ALL
LEADING MOTOR CARS.

Motor-Body-Builders and Coachbuilders.

By Appointment to:

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
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H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY,
Viscountess Lascelles.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

By Appointment to:

H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.
H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN.
H.I.H. THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.
H.M. THE KING OF EGYPT.
H.I.M. THE SHAH OF PERSIA.
H.M. THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN.

54, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

(Continued.)

used to be at best a gloomy car from the point of view of the passenger, owing to its restricted window area, but to-day there are just as many saloons with six windows to be had as with four, and most of the latter kind have their back windows so wide as to admit almost as much light as the six-window type. There is also, as a rule, far more room in these cars, even in the small ones, which I take to be one of the most promising signs of better things to come. It means that coachbuilders have learnt how to make the most of the body space, and not, as some of them did only a short time ago, the least. The modern Weymann type saloon is a roomy carriage, usually very soundly constructed and thoroughly successful.

The Value of Cellulose.

Progress has been quite as rapid in the coach-built type, which, for a variety of reasons, is likely to retain the favour of a good proportion of motorists. With the introduction of satisfactory cellulose finishes the

on, I think we may fairly congratulate ourselves on the good things provided for us in 1929. Why I consider the present time a critical period is because public and coachbuilders have a vague but none the less real idea that a new type is urgently needed. The saloon has had an unexampled vogue for some years

first sign of this. This type is now almost as common as the permanently closed.

Sunshine Roofs.

In one form or another, nearly every manufacturer supplies a car with a folding or a sliding roof. In my opinion, the best has been made of this compromise, in that the job is now being properly carried out. The sliding roof of to-day, as a rule, does not let in either wind or water, is easily operated, and does not rattle; and the same thing may be said for the fabric top which folds back. All sorts of methods have been adopted in the production of the car meant to be either a saloon or an open car, or some thing half-way between the two, and most of them are now successful. Yet I am sure the public are beginning to realise that this is not the solution of the problem. What the great majority of town-and-country car owners want is a greatly improved form of the type loosely known as the all-weather. Here and there you will come

across standard models which come very near to the ideal. These cars have regular saloon windows either dropping into the doors or folding down inside special compartments, and hoods which, extended, not only closely resemble saloon hoods, but are equally weatherproof. There are one or two at least in which the hood can be folded back or brought forward without any necessity for the driver or passenger to leave the car. When these models have been further improved, and the public get to know their indisputable advantages, they will probably start a fashion as sweeping as that of the saloon.

The Promise of the Future.

It is my belief that we are on the verge of seeing this development. The uses of the permanently closed car are as limited as those of the plain touring car with the ordinary hood. The sliding roof is, at best, a compromise, sometimes a successful one, sometimes very much the reverse—a fact which is proved by the very small number of sunshine or folding roofs you see in the open position. The bodywork we have to-day, from the made-to-order type down to the moderate-priced standard, is remarkably good, and it is because of the improvements we have seen within such a short time, in design and manufacture, in comfort, weight saving, and finish, that we can look forward to being able to buy the right kind of bodywork for the British climate before very long. Difficult and expensive lessons have already been well learnt and taken to heart, and there should be a great deal of valuable experience to put into the building of the new type of body which most of us are eagerly expecting.

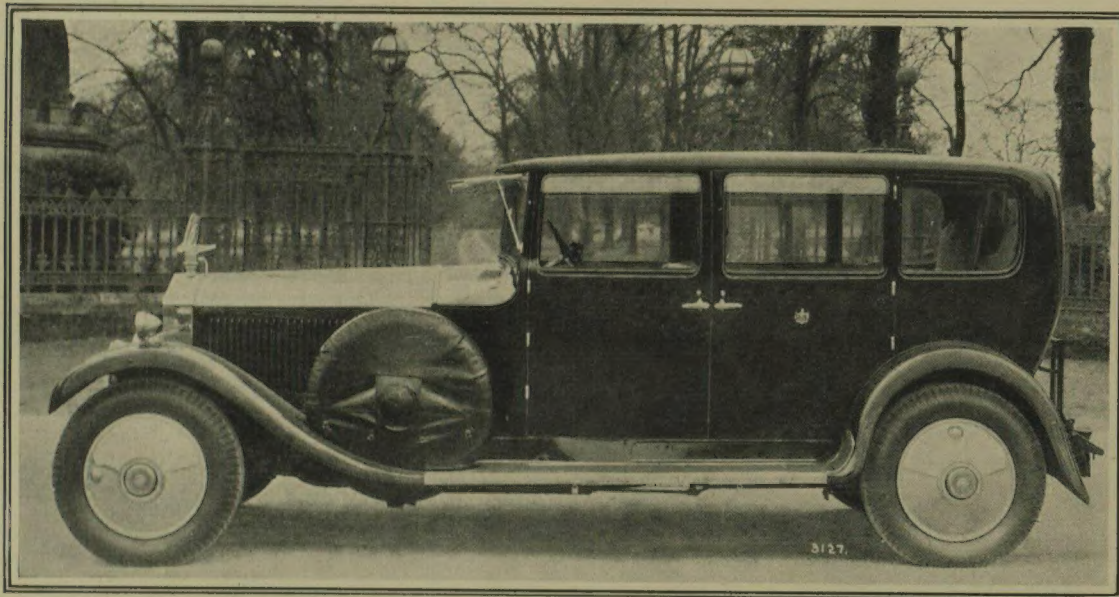
JOHN PRIOLEAU.



THE CAR DELIVERY SEASON IN FULL SWING: A BATCH OF NEW WOLSELEY "SIXES"—ALL SALOONS OR SPORTSMEN'S COUPÉS—LEAVING WARD END WORKS FOR LONDON.

With the approach of spring, a steady stream of cars is daily leaving the Wolseley Works at Ward End for delivery by road, in every direction. This particular batch is bound for London. The fact that they are all saloons or sportsmen's coupés indicates the trend of modern carriage design.

now, but there are plenty of signs that people are discovering that its drawbacks are quite as numerous



BUILT FOR AN INDIAN RULER: A MULLINER ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE ON A 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS—A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF 1929 COACHWORK.

This luxurious limousine was designed and built by Messrs. Arthur Mulliner, Ltd., of Northampton, and supplied from their London show-rooms at 54, Baker Street, to the special order of the Maharajah of Patiala. The car, which seats seven, has every refinement of comfort and equipment. Among the special accessories are the dragon-fly luminous mascot on the front of the bonnet, and the coat of arms on the door.

chief disadvantage has disappeared. If you have a car finished off in high-class cellulose, you can, so far as washing it is concerned, subject it to almost as much neglect as if it were fabric-covered. I do not think it is too much to say that the coachbuilt car of to-day owes its continued existence very largely to cellulose. If an open car with ordinary coachwork lost its looks at the end of a short time, even with proper care, a saloon appeared to do so at least twice as quickly, and there are few more unattractive spectacles than a badly kept closed car.

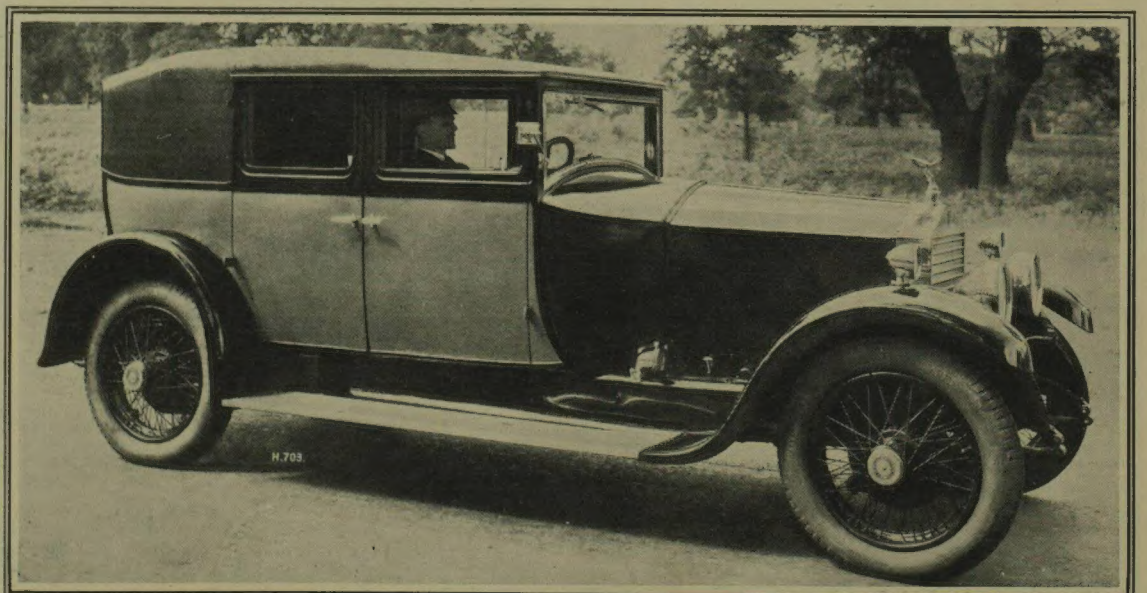
Weight Reduction.

Generally speaking, the coach-built car has been immensely improved latterly in the important respect of weight. Even in cases where it is not of the all-steel type, it must necessarily be heavier than the new kind, but it is really difficult nowadays to find a coachbuilt body of that uncompromising and unnecessary solidity which we so painfully learnt to measure in our bills for tyres and petrol, and in the depressing loss of liveliness. Some of the new coachbuilt bodywork by our own makers, newcomers and complete car manufacturers, as well as famous firms such as Hooper, Mulliner, Barker, and Gurney Nutting, are really beautiful examples of what can be done when the public really insists upon it.

A New Type Needed.

In so far as the accepted types of coachwork are concerned, the saloon, coupé, all-weather, and so

as those of the open car. The introduction of what is generically termed the sunshine saloon was the



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Above. — Mr. H. J. P. Bomford's "Seahopper" (in the foreground), one of the most successful outboard motor boats last season, was lubricated with Mobiloil exclusively.

Right. — Mr. P. W. Armstrong's Triumph Super Seven on its long and arduous journey across Australia.

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DIAMONDS AND DEMENTIA.

By CAPTAIN W. LLEWELLYN-AMOS, Secretary of the National Jewellers' Association of Great Britain.

In all probability, Captain W. Llewellyn-Amos has handled more diamonds than any other living man. Recently he took to a society function in Mayfair gems to the colossal value of £5,000,000. Twenty detectives safeguarded these. In the following contribution to the history of the diamond, he says of the so-called diamond crisis: "It is no more than hysteria, a form of Spring dementia that breaks out periodically whenever somebody scratches the earth's surface and finds diamonds. . . . Diamonds are still the most stable commodity that the world has ever known."

SPEAKING at the Jewellers' Banquet not very long ago, the Prince of Wales said: "The jeweller has a very ancient lineage, and a complete history of his trade would fill, I think, more fully than the history of any other single trade, the general history of the manners and customs, as century succeeds century, of the human race. Moreover, the jeweller has in ancient times played a far more important rôle than that of a mere purveyor of ornaments. In those ancient days, way back when there were no banks, jewels were the easiest and the safest and the most portable form of capital."

It is because the value of diamonds in particular has tended steadily to increase that people look upon

remain to be discovered. There is hardly a woman to whom diamonds do not represent the acme of all that is most beautiful and most desirable, and any suggestion of their becoming more generally avail-

simply to transfer them to England or America, where they realised the full market price. If any other evidence of stability were necessary, the accompanying chart, drawn up by the London and Cambridge Economic Service, would supply it. The chart demonstrates that an investment in diamonds in October 1919 would have maintained a higher gold value than an equivalent in any of the currencies. The chart shows, moreover, that the value of the diamond, with the exception of the 1920 boom—when it greatly increased—is stable, while the currencies have fluctuated violently. The chart covers the period 1919-27, since when there has been a slight rise in price.

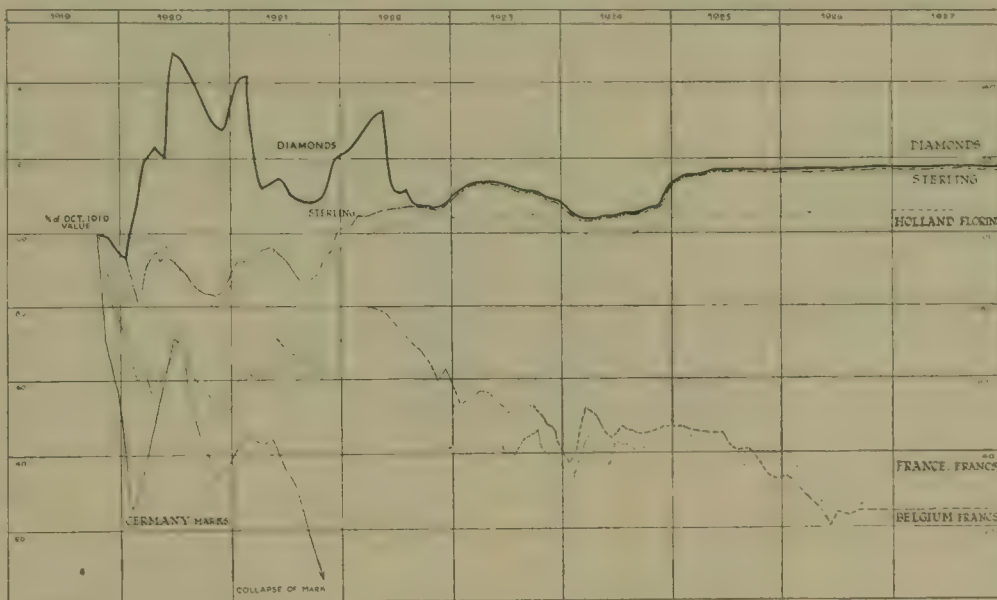
People who intend to invest money in diamonds should take the advice of a reputable jeweller. It is obvious that an investment in jewellery is not necessarily the same as an investment in diamonds. In a piece of jewellery of intricate design, set with only a few small diamonds, for instance, one pays for both diamonds and workmanship. That is not quite the same as buying, say, a solitaire diamond ring of the first water, where the amount spent on the setting of the stone represents but a small fraction

of the total cost. That it is cheapest in the long run to buy only the best is as true of jewellery as it is of anything else. Moreover, if one buys sizeable diamonds, the vagaries of fashion can be largely discounted, because one's jewels can be remodelled again and again without in any way affecting the original gems.

The Prince emphasised the point that the jeweller has a very ancient lineage. In the Old Testament we read that Abraham's servant, meeting Rebecca at the well, gave her two bracelets of ten shekels weight for her arm; later on, in Isaiah, we read that the daughters of Zion wore anklets and made a tinkling with their feet. During the Iron Age, savages fashioned articles of adornment out of iron and shell-disks. The natives of the Solomon Isles used dried skin and pieces of bone as ornaments. At every period of the world's history women have adorned themselves with berries and feathers. The very word "jewel," derived from the French "*joie*," means "joy and gladness."

The business of the jeweller, indeed, dates back to the earliest dawn of history. I could tell tales of jewels that would make any fiction fade into insignificance; of the jewels of Lhasa, where a string of turquoises worn in the left ear is still used as a

(Continued on page xii.)



DEMONSTRATING THE VALUE OF AN INVESTMENT IN DIAMONDS: THE FLUCTUATIONS IN VALUE. This chart, which was prepared for the National Jewellers' Association, shows the fluctuations in the value of the diamond since October, 1919. It demonstrates that an investment in diamonds at that date would have maintained a higher gold value than an equivalent in any of the currencies. It shows that the value of the diamond—with the exception of the 1920 boom, when it increased—is stable; while the currencies have fluctuated violently.

Reproduced from the Chart Printed in the "Goldsmiths' Journal" in 1928.

able is hailed as news of great importance. Imagination takes wing, and hard facts are temporarily disregarded.

The recent so-called "diamond crisis" has not been the first occasion on which sensational reports have been circulated. A similar position arose when the famous Premier Mine was discovered, a discovery which, I believe, caused something like a temporary panic on the Stock Exchange. This discovery did have an immediate effect on the value of diamonds. The price rose! The "diamond crisis" can be dismissed as being no more than hysteria, a form of Spring de-



SHOWING THE EARLY WORKINGS OF A DIAMOND-MINE: KIMBERLEY MINE IN 1873.

them as a reliable means of investment. How stable diamond prices are has never been more completely demonstrated than during the last few months, when rumour, conjecture, and exaggeration have resulted in wild stories about over-production. Despite all this talk, the value of the diamond remains unaffected, and to-day stands slightly higher than it did before the first scare of a so-called diamond crisis. Diamonds are still the most stable commodity that the world has ever known. There are several reasons why any story about diamonds tends to become exaggerated, and a little daylight on the subject may set at rest the minds of anyone who has the least doubt of the permanent value of their gems.

There are many qualities of diamonds. Those that are used for drilling rock; those which serve one hundred and one industrial purposes; and, finally, those beautiful gems which are used in modern jewellery. Unfortunately, scaremongers do not discriminate between them. Diamonds of the first water are only found in small quantities, even in an important mine. Since only an expert is able to judge the value of a rough diamond, reports from other sources can be disregarded.

Diamonds have been sought for thousands of years, and very little remains of the earth's surface which has not been thoroughly scratched. It is inconceivable that many diamond-fields of importance

mentia that breaks out periodically whenever somebody scratches the earth's surface and finds diamonds.

From the earliest times people have pinned their faith to the diamond because it represents a form of wealth that is not regulated by international exchanges or affected by the rise and fall in the fortunes of countries. Thousands of refugees who escaped from Russia, robbed of all their possessions but the few gems they were able to carry with them, were able to start a new life on the money realised by the sale of their diamonds. The collapse of the German mark some years ago affected the price of almost every commodity. Those who possessed diamonds, however, had



A FAMOUS DIAMOND MINE: THE PREMIER MINE, PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA.

MARINE CARAVANNING.—XXVIII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN.

MASS production is the ambition of most manufacturers, including boat-builders. There are many, however, who think that large numbers of standard boats would never find a market in this country. I only partly agree with this, for, though it may be true to a certain extent with reference to pleasure craft, there is a large demand for standard utility vessels for commercial purposes. Now for motor-cruisers the lines of fishing-boats are becoming increasingly popular in the North, the reason being that craft of this type are better sea-boats than many of the lightly built present-day pleasure-vessels. If this tendency continues, I see a good prospect of cheaper motor-cruisers, for it will be possible to build large numbers of standard hulls complete with engines, which can be finished off either as commercial or pleasure craft.

I am always on the lookout for any means whereby the cost of motor-cruisers can be reduced, for it is only by this means that marine motoring will become really universal. As the demand increases, and larger numbers are built, prices will, of course, fall; any means, therefore, which will create a bigger market should be encouraged by those who have the pastime at heart. I look on the present week, therefore, as a milestone in the history of marine motoring.

Though this country prides itself on its ship-building industry, it was not possible until the other day to see a modern motor-cruiser in the heart of London. It is true that a few enterprising firms have shown speed boats and outboards, and have thereby done valuable work by educating newcomers in matters connected with the sea; both of these

types of vessel can, in consequence, be obtained at reasonable prices, which are far lower in comparison than those asked for the cruiser type. To Messrs. Harrods, however, is due the credit for being the first to market the motor-cruiser in the heart of London, as has been done in New York for some time past. I wish them every success, and they shall have any help I can afford them, for by their

the river for trial-trip purposes, they own a considerable stretch of water frontage, which I suggest would make an ideal centre for the London yacht-owners. Very wisely, they have not contented themselves with the cruiser only, but also show runabouts and outboards, all of which are of a high class without being expensive. Owing to this action of Harrods, Ltd., I foresee a stir amongst the boatbuilders, and the birth of a new hope: it is wanted, for the industry has been depressed for many years.

It will surprise many, for instance, to hear that there are only two British firms who build boats complete with engines and all fittings; there are many, on the other hand, who are either boat or engine builders; the industry, therefore, is in much the same state as that of the motor-car trade twenty years ago. In those days it was necessary to have a special body built to fit the chassis, and not until the chassis-builders joined forces with the coach-builders was it possible to produce the cheap car and make motoring available to all. Signs are not wanting that this is likely to happen in the near future in connection with boats, and the sooner the better, for the more people that can be induced to spend their holidays afloat in preference to the roads, the better will be



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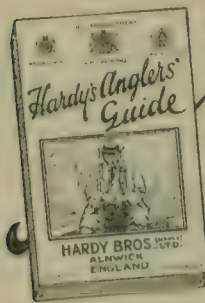
action they forward the movement I have at heart, and will afford joy to many holiday-makers. The "holiday afloat" movement only needs advertisement in order to abolish the old routine type holiday, and my postbag proves it. A growing interest exists in all matters connected with the pastime, especially that side of it which offers the possibility of cheap and easy travel either at home or abroad.

No large retail firm is better placed than is Harrods Ltd., to supply boats, for, apart from their nearness to

the average health of the community.

It is regretted that, owing to a printer's error, the weight per h.p. of *Miss England* was stated in the issue of March 23 as forty-four pounds; this should have been four pounds.

The *Illustrated London News* will publish, on May 18, a special yachting number, which will deal with all types of pleasure craft, from the largest yacht down to the dinghy.



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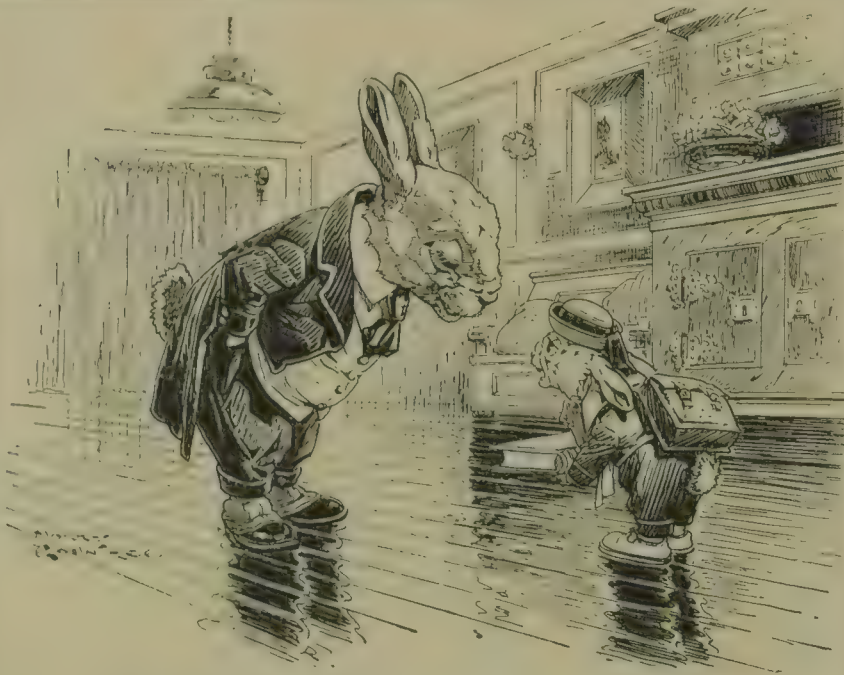
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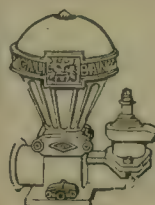
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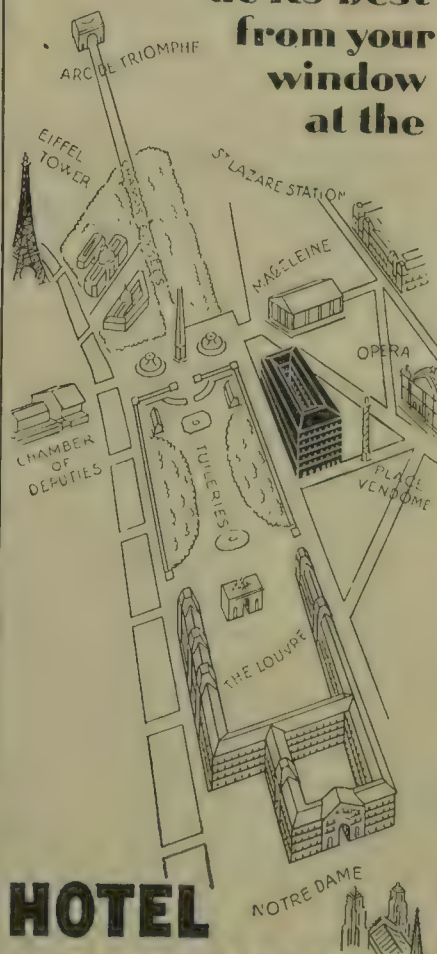
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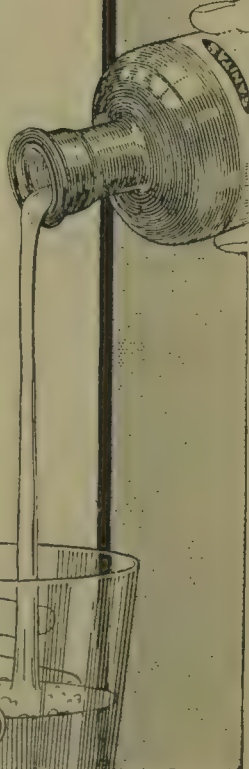
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SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1929.

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**THE BRODINGNAGIAN LADIES OF TOLEDO CATHEDRAL: GIGANTIC FIGURES PRESERVED IN THE CLAVERIAS
OPENING OFF THE UPPER CLOISTERS, AND SOMETIMES CARRIED IN RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.**

Spanish religious pageantry is noted for its ornate character and picturesque accessories. There can be few stranger objects seen on such occasions than these curious giantesses preserved in the precincts of the Cathedral at Toledo. Writing in the "National Geographic Magazine" on the "Bypaths of Spain," Mr. Harry A. MacBride says: "'Los Gigantones' are huge, grotesque figures which, in accord

with ancient custom, are sometimes carried in religious processions to afford amusement for the people. They are made to represent both historical and imaginary beings, and when not in use are kept in rooms opening from the upper cloisters and not accessible to the public." Baedeker names two of them—the Ana Bolena, and the dragon Tarasca. Their date and origin are not given.

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is very amusing to read the comments on the recent discoveries in the Near East, which greatly strengthen the traditional story of the Flood, as compared with the nineteenth-century negations of it. Like a great many questions that were supposed to be thoroughly thrashed out, that question had not only been thrashed threadbare, but the threads thrown about and tangled in hopeless confusion, until the matter was more in a muddle than if it had never been discussed at all. There were long controversies, in which men proved from Science that Scripture was a fable: or proved from Scripture that Science was a fraud. There were still longer controversies, in which men proved that there could not be any controversy at all. But nearly every controversialist, on both sides, had about six separate layers of ignorance and misunderstanding in his own mind. To begin with, we can hardly be surprised if the Bible-Smasher had never read the Bible, because the Bible-Reader had never read the Bible either. Crowds of people, of any creeds or no creeds, had certain fixed ideas about the Bible, which were the result of all sorts of things, from religious pictures to irreligious jokes. To take only trivial examples, any number of people assume that the Bible says that Eve ate an apple, or that Jonah was swallowed by a whale. Yet the Bible never says a word about whales or apples. In the former case it refers to a fish, which might imply any sort of sea-monster; and in the second, to the essential experience of fruition, or tasting the fruit of the tree, which is obviously more general and even more mystical.

As a matter of fact, the things called incredible fables are probably not the miracles, but the scientific and rational explanations of the miracles. It was probably some priggish and premature naturalist who proved that the fish must have been a whale, because he was in a frightful scientific fuss, having only just heard of whales. It was probably a similar scientific simplification that was responsible for the fixed idea that an apple a day keeps the doctor away, but fails to keep the devil away. These crude material identifications were done by people who were too clever by half; exactly like the nineteenth-century scientists who said there could never have been a Flood. Such scientific notions stick in the head as straws stick in the hair, but they soon begin to make the lunatic look rather silly. And the things that look silly now are the first rationalistic explanations rather than the first religious or primitive outlines. If those original images had been left in their own natural mystery of dark fruition or dim monsters of the deep, nobody would have quarrelled with them half so much. Nobody would have buried them under so many cheap jokes or cheaper justifications. As it is, everything, even the cheap jokes, have been tacked on to the legend. I am sure a great many people vaguely imagine that the Bible contains a comic description of a whale being sea-sick. I am sure that many are almost convinced that Adam and Eve and Pinchme were the first inhabitants of Eden.

In the same way, as I have remarked before, I should never be surprised to learn that some of our modern sceptics think that all Christians must believe that Noah was glued to a little round wooden stand, or that he had three dots for his eyes and nose. I should never be surprised to read a withering article in the *Freethinker* proving that all the principles of naval construction make it impossible for the Ark

to have been exactly like the toy in the nurseries; or that the animals could not have fed and slept and taken exercise with any comfort, if they had been packed as they were in those delightful Christmas boxes, a large number of them upside down. The little wooden Ark of the toy-shop has defeated the vast mysterious Ark of the tradition, exactly as the popular apple has ousted the mystical fruit; exactly as the modern whale has swallowed the primeval fish, as well as the Prophet Jonah. But it is unfair to turn round and blame the Bible because of all these legends and jokes and journalistic allusions, which are read into the Bible by people who have not read the Bible. I do not say there are not things in the Bible which a

so big. Quite apart from miracles, I never could quite understand why a Great Sea Serpent should not be big; or even big enough to swallow a moderate-sized Hebrew prophet.

In short, I only say that the ideas of popular science and scepticism about these things are very much in a tangle. The sceptics do not distinguish between what, on their own principles, they could or could not believe; or between what, on the other principles, they would be required to believe. They would doubtless be required to believe many things which at present they could not believe; but they have not at present the least notion of what the things

are. Indeed, some of them simply cannot believe how little they would have to believe. I have tried in vain to hammer into the head of Mr. H. G. Wells, for instance (if I may allude to so large and illustrious a head in so irreverent an image) the perfectly elementary historical fact that the mystic and partially symbolic interpretation of Scripture is the old and orthodox interpretation of it; and that the mania for materialistic exactitude is a modern mania. At the very beginning of Christian history, St. Augustine said that some things in Scripture must be read as symbols, and that it was puerile to do anything else. But right at the end of Christian history, Brigham Young and the Mormons refused to see anything symbolic even in God's eye or right hand; and insisted that He must physically exist, like a sort of giant. A certain margin of mystical interpretation was an idea perfectly familiar to the Fathers and Schoolmen; and it was not their fault, or the fault of the Bible, if the idea was less familiar to Billy Brimstone, the saved Bootlegger of Kansas City, or Freeze-the-Devil Debora, the sweet and winning Prophetess of Potluck, Neb.



A STRONG MAN AT THE HELM IN INDIA: LORD IRWIN, THE VICEROY, WHOSE RECENT ADDRESS TO THE INDIAN LEGISLATURE, AFTER THE BOMB OUTRAGE, MADE A PROFOUND IMPRESSION.

Addressing both Houses of the Indian Legislature at Delhi on April 12, the Viceroy announced that, in view of the fact that the President (Mr. Patel) had on the previous day ruled out further discussion of the Public Safety Bill, and that it was imperative for the Government to obtain the powers proposed by the Bill, he (the Viceroy) had decided to avail himself of the authority conferred on him by the Government of India Act and to issue an ordinance giving the Governor-General in Council the required powers. Such an ordinance has for six months the same force of law as an Act passed by the Legislature. Lord Irwin also stated that the rules under which such a deadlock had arisen would be amended. After condemning the bomb outrage in the Assembly on April 8 as a direct threat to the whole constitutional life of India, he continued: "My Government will not be deterred by such futile and insensate acts from the discharge of its evident duty to take whatever measures may seem to it right and necessary for the protection of law-abiding citizens."

modern rationalist might refuse as not being what he would call rational, even if he had read them. But half the things he thinks of are things that were added by some earlier rationalist, to suit what he would call rational. There is a philosophy which logically rejects miracles, as there is an equally philosophic philosophy which necessarily accepts miracles. But there is nothing very specially miraculous about the Great Flood, any more than there is about the Great Sea Serpent. Only some rationalists are so curiously made that they cannot believe in these things being

servative; and only a sort of priesthood of old obscurantist officials still shudders at any criticism directed against the name of Darwin, even in an upheaval that has shaken the name of Newton. If there was really any conflict between that Flood and that Ark, it is at least obvious that the Ark was relatively solid, whereas the Flood was in its nature fluid. That Deluge boasted of always rising higher, as if the world were all floods and no ebbs. But it has washed out its own landmarks, and none more completely than the marks of its own work of destruction.

THE SPEED-KING'S TRIUMPHAL HOMECOMING: BRITAIN'S WELCOME TO MAJOR SEGRAVE.



ABOARD THE "OLYMPIC" BETWEEN CHERBOURG AND SOUTHAMPTON: (L. TO R.) CAPT. J. S. IRVING, MR. SEGRAVE SENIOR, MRS SEGRAVE, MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE, AND HIS BROTHER.



GREETING A COLLEAGUE IN THE CULT OF SPEED: MAJOR SEGRAVE SHAKING HANDS WITH THE ENGINE-DRIVER OF HIS TRAIN AT SOUTHAMPTON.



LONDON'S PUBLIC WELCOME TO THE FAMOUS RACING MOTORIST WHO WON THE WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD FOR GREAT BRITAIN: MAJOR SEGRAVE'S CAR (THE WHITE ONE) LEAVING WESTMINSTER HALL AFTER THE RECEPTION.



BROADCASTING AT THE SOUTH-WESTERN HOTEL, SOUTHAMPTON: (L. TO R.) MRS. IRVING, CAPT. J. S. IRVING (THE DESIGNER OF THE "GOLDEN ARROW"), MAJOR SEGRAVE (SPEAKING INTO A MICROPHONE), AND MRS. SEGRAVE.

THE WORLD'S
FASTEST CAR
TOWED
THROUGH
LONDON:
THE
"GOLDEN
ARROW"
(THE RECORD-
MAKER)
LEAVING
CHISWICK
FOR
EXHIBITION.



It was announced on April 12 that the King had approved the honour of Knighthood being conferred on Major Henry O'Neal Dehane Segrave, and sent him the following telegram: "On your arrival home I send you my hearty congratulations on your splendid achievement in winning for Great Britain the world's speed record for motor-cars, and on your success in the race for the International Speed Boat Trophy." The speed record of over 231 miles an hour, it may be recalled, was made on Daytona Beach, Florida, in the racing car "Golden Arrow," designed by Captain J. S. Irving. Major H. O. D. Segrave afterwards returned from the United States (with the car and his motor-boat "Miss England") in the White Star liner

"Olympic," which reached Southampton about 8.30 p.m. on April 12. There was great enthusiasm as she came in, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Southampton went on board to offer congratulations. Major Segrave's mother was among the first to greet him. Later, the party went to the Empire Theatre, and received another ovation. Next day they travelled to London, and were welcomed at Waterloo by the Lord Mayor (Sir Kynaston Studd) and Sir Charles Wakefield. Crowds acclaimed the arrival and the procession of cars to Westminster Hall, where a Government reception was held. At the May Fair Hotel there was another reception arranged by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

THE "GERM" OF RELIGION? MYSTIC SIGNS IN STONE AGE PETROGLYPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. HERBERT LANG, FORMER ASSOCIATE CURATOR OF MAMMALOGY, AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK. NOS. 1 AND 2 BY MR. AUSTIN ROBERTS, OF THE TRANSVAAL MUSEUM.



1. A SYMBOLIC "STAR" PETROGLYPH WITH EIGHT DOUBLE RAYS FROM THREE CONCENTRIC CIRCLES: A STONE AGE ENGRAVING ON A ROCK BELIEVED TO BE AN ALTAR.

IN his notes on these remarkable records of prehistoric symbolism in South Africa, Mr. Herbert Lang writes: "Three of these petroglyphs (Figs. 1, 2, and 4) were discovered by Mr. Austin Roberts, of the Transvaal Museum, towards the end of 1928, at Fourteen Streams, near the Vaal River, close to the Cape Town-Bulawayo Railway line. He considers the low stone with a conical top (in Fig. 1) to be an altar. The star-like rock engraving in Fig. 2 shows four concentric circles and eight triple rays. According to Mr. Roberts it measures about 2 ft. in diameter, and faces north-west toward the sun at 3 p.m. To the left, on the east, is a flat-topped stone which he calls the 'pulpit.' A circle of boulders seemed to have surrounded this petroglyph. Interesting in this connection are legends recorded from South African natives

[Continued in Box 2.]

The Azande and the Mangbetu were convinced that the finely polished hematite axes occasionally found in the veld could have no other origin. They attributed to them occult powers. They believed in absolute protection from lightning by concealing such a stone axe in the roof of their hut. An Abarambo of the Belgian Congo had incised upon his abdomen just such a sun-like design as seen upon this volcanic rock; as raised weals around his navel it formed a conspicuous pattern. He claimed that this was his sun and made him happy. Some might consider the left upper figure, which native interpretation takes as a 'thunderbolt,' to be a fish. The 'caudal'

[Continued in Box 4.]



2. ANOTHER STAR-LIKE ROCK-ENGRAVING WITH FOUR CONCENTRIC CIRCLES AND EIGHT TRIPLE RAYS: A STONE AGE PETROGLYPH, 2 FT. ACROSS, APPARENTLY SURROUNDED BY A CIRCLE OF BOULDERS, WITH A FLAT-TOPPED STONE TO THE LEFT TERMED "THE PULPIT."

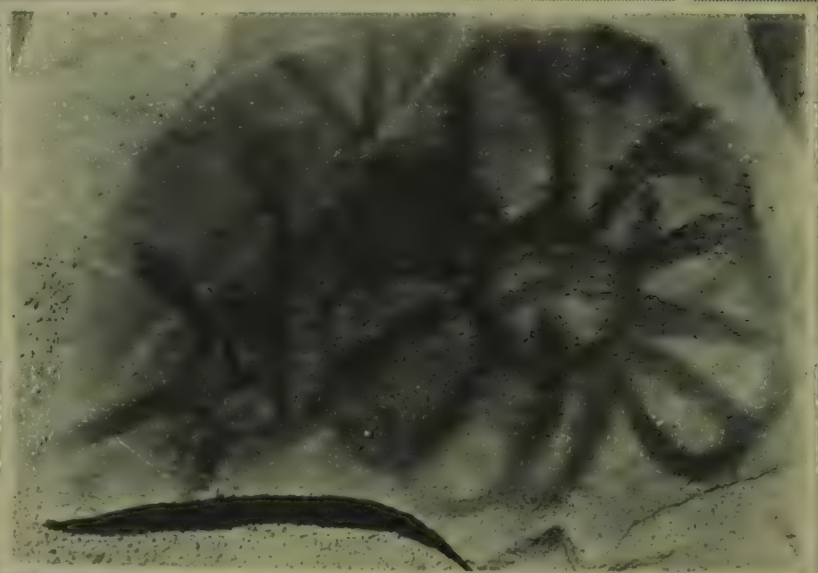
fin' may indicate branching flashes of lightning. But what may be taken for a 'dorsal fin' and 'eye' are, like the two smaller spots on the lower edge of the 'sun,' merely eroded depressions of amygdaloidal vesicles, formed after the design was fashioned. The relative crudeness of all petroglyphs representing mystic signs is characteristic. They seem to be made by other men, perhaps devoted to a different cult from that of the more finished petroglyphs of live creatures. This heavily weathered stone came from Bloemhof, in the Western Transvaal, and is in the Museum at Pretoria. Of Fig. 4, described as "a peculiar twin symbol probably representing a different constellation," Mr. Lang says: "The great variety of such symbols suggests the different constellations these primitive people may have had in mind. The careful sculpture of live creatures makes it most probable that all these mystic signs had also a definite meaning, and were not mere fanciful creations. What beliefs some of the more primitive South African natives held about certain planets is illustrated by the following Bushman legends: 'The moon was caused by the Mantis, or chief Bushman deity, throwing his shoe into the sky, ordering it to become the moon, and disperse a darkness which was caused by the bursting of the Eland's gall-bladder. The moon is red because the shoe of the Mantis was covered with the red dust of Bushmanland.' Another story considers the moon a man, who was attacked by the sun with its knife, i.e., its rays. The moon was then cut away till only a little piece was left, which he implored the sun to spare for his children. The moon then grew again until he reached his original size, when the process was repeated."



3. "A THUNDERBOLT SPLITTING THE ROCK INTO A MAZE OF FRAGMENTS AND THE RADIANT SUN SHINING BELOW?" MYSTERIOUS SYMBOLS CARVED INTO A VOLCANIC ROCK, AND "MOST LIKELY THE BEGINNING OF RELIGION."

by the late W. Hammond Tooke. The Bushmen, like the Greeks, dated their seasons by the annual rising of the stars. They classified the constellations into night and dawn stars; their list is longer than that mentioned in the Homeric poems. Regarding Fig. 3, Mr. Lang writes: "What may be the meaning of these mystic signs? Are these the most rudimentary traces of human faith that after age-long struggles have finally crystallised into concrete forms? May we not see in this petroglyph a thunderbolt splitting the rock into a maze of fragments and the radiant sun shining below? In South Africa lightning none too rarely destroys life and splinters rocks. Widespread is the belief among African natives that the fiery flash brings to earth a real thunderbolt, with powers as strange as terrific. Did primitive man find the most suitable fragments for his stone axes where lightning struck the rocks?

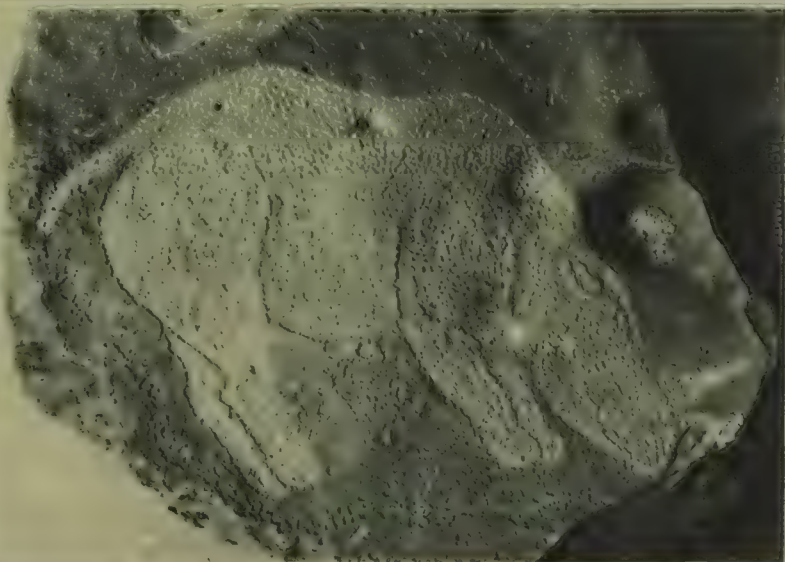
[Continued in Box 3.]



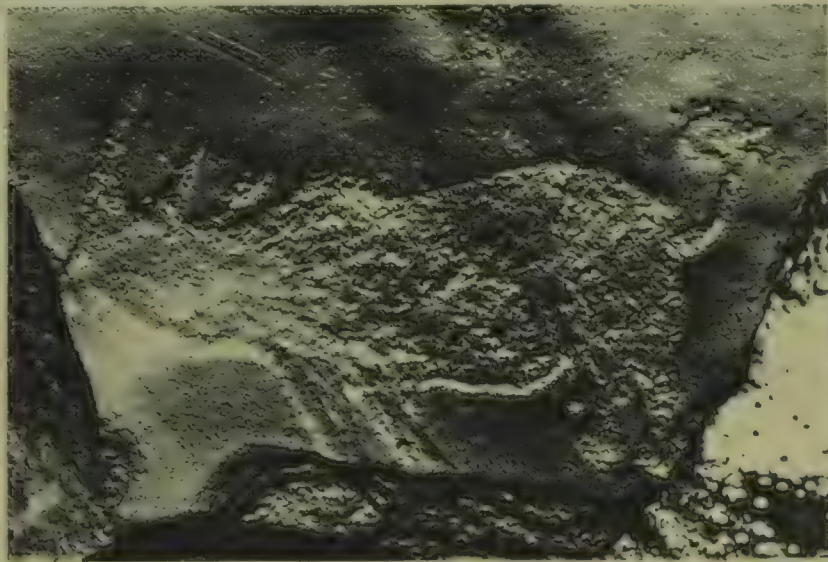
4. A PECULIAR TWIN SYMBOL PROBABLY REPRESENTING A CONSTELLATION: ONE OF THE MYSTIC SIGNS CARVED ON ROCKS BY A PREHISTORIC RACE IN SOUTH AFRICA, AND PROBABLY HAVING A DEFINITE SIGNIFICANCE.

"RODIN-LIKE" STONE AGE SCULPTURE: AMAZING ART 25,000 YEARS OLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY HERBERT LANG, FORMER ASSOCIATE CURATOR OF MAMMALOGY, AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK.



"A SUPERB MINIATURE OF A BLACK RHINOCEROS": A REMARKABLE PALÆOLITHIC ROCK-ENGRAVING ONLY 11½ INCHES LONG, RECENTLY FOUND AT KLERKSDORP, AND NOW IN THE TRANSVAAL MUSEUM.



"RODIN-LIKE BOLDNESS OF CHIPPING": A WONDERFUL PETROGLYPH OF A BULL BLACK RHINOCEROS, IRRITATED AND READY TO CHARGE, FROM DELAREY.

A LIVING
DESCENDANT
OF HIS
RACIAL
ANCESTORS OF
25,000 YEARS
AGO
REPRESENTED
IN THE ABOVE
PETROGLYPHS:
A BLACK
RHINOCEROS
OF TO-DAY
APPARENTLY
CONTEMPLATING
A CHARGE—
A PHOTOGRAPH
GIVEN FOR
COMPARISON
AND TO
SHOW THE
EXTRAORDINARY
REALISM OF
THE STONE AGE
SCULPTORS.



Describing the left-hand petroglyph above, Mr. Herbert Lang writes: "The intellectual power behind the ingenious hands of the South African Stone Age engravers is brought into prominence by this superb miniature of a Black Rhinoceros (*Diceros bicornis*). Such ancient sculptures indicate what prodigious workings of true art were under way in the Western Transvaal more than 25,000 years ago. This fine, hitherto unpublished example of the late Palæolithic art of the South African Smithfield period comes from Klerksdorp, and is now at the Transvaal Museum, Pretoria. The finely balanced proportions, carefully drawn outlines, correctness of pose, meticulous execution of details, and plastic effect must awaken surprise and admiration. Consider also that in reducing the picture of so huge a pachyderm to only 11½ in. (from tip of posterior horn to tip of tail) harmonious proportions have been well preserved. Several flaws, the most conspicuous in front and back of the shoulder and on the jaw, are due to amygdaloidal vesicles in the stone

which make uniformity of treatment impossible. Unfortunately the portion upon which most of the anterior horn was figured has been knocked off before this rare piece came into the collection." Of the right-hand rock engraving, Mr. Lang says: "The forceful simplicity of general execution of this highly irritated rhinoceros stamps it as one of the older petroglyphs. At Delarey in the Western Transvaal, the artists gave greater preponderance to effect than to details. Sheer truculence and menacing force stand here personified. The powerful, partly impressionistic handling reveals the master hand. The forward lurch of the strongly muscular fore-limbs, the pose of the head trying to secure better information from new whiffs of wind, the cocked ears, the swish of the raised tail, are very impressive. The perfect fitting of the figure to the available space, the emphasis of the outline of the body, and the Rodin-like boldness of chipping are fundamental traits revealing the ease of ripened experience."

DANISH RELICS OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA: THE SALE AT THE VILLA HVIDORE.



THE ENTRANCE TO A TUNNEL LEADING FROM THE VILLA HVIDORE TO THE SEASIDE PARK: A PRIVATE WAY BUILT BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER SISTER, THE EMPRESS MARIE, TO SECURE PRIVACY.



THE FLIGHT OF STAIRS LEADING DOWN INTO THE TUNNEL: AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE BY WHICH QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND EMPRESS MARIE USED TO GO FROM THE VILLA TO THE SEASHORE.



BOUGHT AT THE SALE, FOR £33, BY A COPENHAGEN RESTAURANT-OWNER: QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S WHITE-LACQUERED BED AT THE VILLA HVIDORE.



WITH A MODEL OF A VIKING SHIP AS A WEATHER-VANE: THE NORWEGIAN HOUSE IN THE SEASIDE GROUNDS OF THE VILLA.



AN ITEM IN THE VILLA HVIDORE SALE: AN OLD FRENCH CHEST OF DRAWERS, WITH A SILVER CHRISTENING FONT SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED FOR THE BAPTISM OF CHRISTIAN IX.



A CORNER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S LIBRARY AT THE VILLA HVIDORE: SOME OF HER TREASURES, INCLUDING BUSTS OF KING CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK (HER FATHER) AND CHRISTIAN V.



DATED 1767: A VERY PRECIOUS OLD ENGLISH CLOCK IN WHITE-LACQUER AND GILT, WITH DOUBLE FACE SHOWING THE DATE, SECONDS, AND MONTHS.

The sale held on April 9 and succeeding days at the Villa Hvidore, on the Danish coast, near Copenhagen, the joint property of the late Queen Alexandra and her sister, the late Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia, aroused great public interest in Denmark. It was stated that the Empress's daughters, the Grand Duchesses Olga and Xenia, had retained the more valuable things that had belonged to her, and that the remainder, consisting of some 770 items, had been sold, fetching comparatively high prices as souvenirs. A bust of the Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, for example, bought by Queen Alexandra in London, was acquired at a price far beyond its intrinsic value. It was generally felt that the seashore part of the estate should not fall into private hands, but be kept open for the public. The sale of the furniture and other contents caused some criticism, and it was suggested that it would be more fitting for Denmark to preserve them in memory of the great period when two Danish Princesses shared the thrones of two of Europe's mightiest rulers. As to the disposal of the Villa Hvidore itself, it was reported that King George had instructed the executors not to come to any hasty decision, but to await a satisfactory offer. It may be recalled that Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie acquired the villa jointly, on the death of their father, King Christian IX. of Denmark, in 1906, in order to spend some time together every year near their old home. They lived there in very simple style. The furniture included a billiard-table, on which they were fond of playing.

The Coming Season:

A Forecast of 1929.

"THE Queen's Season" is likely to be as brilliant and as crowded as any that London has seen since the war. That is the general opinion voiced by those who are wise in social lore, and everything points to an interesting and varied programme of festivities during the summer months. I write "the Queen's Season" because the 1929 season will be very closely associated with her Majesty; for "the First Lady in the Land"—now happily relieved of her grave anxiety as to his Majesty's health—early announced that she would hold four Courts at Buckingham Palace, in order that mothers wishing to present their daughters might not be disappointed. She is also to attend Ascot in Royal State, with the Heir to the Throne, and will, no doubt, be seen with him at the Royal Tournament, the R.A.F. Pageant, and other important displays which she is accustomed to view at the side of her royal husband. As yet, however, no announcement in regard to a Royal Garden Party has been made. The news that his Majesty is expected to be able to travel to Windsor at the end of next month has established a feeling of confidence in his continued convalescence, and put everyone into happy mood for the opening of the social round.

During the early part of the season a certain number of well-known folk will not be settled in London, owing to the General Election; but when Polling Day is over the round of events will draw politicians, whether victors or vanquished, into its vortex. Indeed, workers and speakers would hardly be human if they were not anxious to enjoy a little frivolity and distraction after the many meetings they will have had to attend! In fact, the General Election, far from spoiling the season, should help to endow it with a longer life.

There will be two unmarried Princes in London this year, and the possibility of the return of a third, in the person of the Duke of Gloucester, before the close of the social carnival; so some important hostesses will be cheered by the hope that the presence of a Prince of the Blood will add lustre to their entertainments, and enable them to announce to their prospective guests the glad news that "Orders and Decorations will be worn."

Society is supposed to launch its summer campaign in London by meeting at the Private View of the Royal Academy, a function to which "everybody who is anybody" is invited. This year the function falls on May 3, the day of the second classic race, the One Thousand Guineas, so one may expect that some of the younger set will find the idea of Newmarket Heath more alluring than that of Burlington House! However, the first night of the Opera at Covent Garden on April 22 precedes the Private View, and may be regarded as the inauguration of the 1929 season. The Opera has always been one of the premier social rendezvous, and the tradition of "diamonds for Italian and French operas" not only still holds good, but has been extended by the post-war popularity of Wagner among members of the most distinguished world. Indeed, tiaras "come out" in the audiences for the German as much as for the Latin composers to-day, although, of course, our Royal Family happen to have a personal preference for the lighter operas and share the general affection for Puccini's well-known melodies.

After the ten weeks' season of opera, Covent Garden will remain the venue of the *chic*: we are promised a short season of Russian Ballet, and Diaghileff has a tradition for smartness which is almost unequalled. His productions always draw a distinguished "house," and the Duke of Connaught is one of his chief patrons. In addition to the Opera, Londoners have many private concerts to attend, for the Austrian Minister and Lady Melchett, to quote only two names, are

among the regular givers of splendid musical parties during the season.

The early part of May promises to be very busy, as the first and second of the Queen's Courts take

THE SEASON: A Diary of Important Fixtures.

- April 22.—Opening of the Season of Grand Opera at Covent Garden.
 .. 22, 23, 24.—Epsom Spring Meeting. City and Suburban, April 24.
 .. 30.—May 3.—Newmarket First Spring Meeting. May 1, Two Thousand Guineas. May 3, One Thousand Guineas.
 May 1—11.—Spring Polo Handicap at Hurlingham.
 .. 3.—Private View of the Royal Academy.
 .. 6.—Opening of the Royal Academy.
 .. 9.—First of the Queen's Courts.
 .. 10.—Second of the Queen's Courts.
 .. 11.—Kempton Jubilee Handicap.
 .. 14—16.—Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.
 .. 14, etc.—Whitney Cup Polo Tournament at Hurlingham and Roehampton.
 .. 20—30.—The Duke and Duchess of York at the Palace of Holyroodhouse for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.
 .. 22—24.—Chelsea Flower Show.
 .. 23—June 8.—Royal Tournament at Olympia.
 June 3—8.—Cicero Polo Challenge Cup at Hurlingham.
 June 4.—"Fourth of June" Celebrations at Eton.
 .. 4—7.—Epsom Derby Meeting. June 5, The Derby. June 7, The Oaks.
 .. 8.—England v. The Rest Cricket at Lord's.
 .. 13—15.—Richmond Royal Horse Show.
 .. 14.—Hurlingham Polo Pony Show.
 .. 17.—Sanford Cup Polo Tournament, Hurlingham.
 .. 18—21.—Ascot Royal Meeting. Royal Hunt Cup, June 19. Gold Cup, June 20.
 .. 18—22.—Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo.
 .. 20—29.—International Horse Show at Olympia.
 .. 24—July 6.—All-England Lawn-Tennis Championships at Wimbledon.
 .. 24—29.—Champion Polo Cup at Hurlingham.
 .. 26—July 6.—Guest Polo Challenge Cup at Hurlingham.
 .. 29, etc.—England v. South Africa Cricket Match at Lord's.
 July 1.—Caledonian Ball.
 .. 1—6.—Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament at Hurlingham.
 .. 2—5.—Newmarket First July Meeting.
 .. 3—5.—Aldershot Command Horse Show.
 .. 3—6.—Henley Royal Regatta.
 .. 8—9.—Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match at Lord's.
 .. 8—13.—Empire (Prince of Wales) Polo Challenge Cup at Hurlingham.
 .. 8—13.—Tyro Polo Challenge Cup at Hurlingham.
 .. 11.—Oxford and Cambridge Polo Match at Hurlingham.
 .. 12—13.—Eton and Harrow Cricket at Lord's.
 .. 13.—R.A.F. Pageant at Hendon.
 .. 15—20.—Social Clubs' Polo Cup at Hurlingham.
 .. 16—18.—Newmarket Second July Meeting.
 .. 19 and 20.—Eclipse Meeting at Sandown.
 .. 20.—Villavieja Polo Cup at Hurlingham.
 .. 30—August 1 and 2.—Goodwood Meeting.
 Aug. 6—9.—Cowes Regatta.

place on the 9th and 10th, and many important dances are fixed in the first two weeks of the "merrie month." The Duke and Duchess of York will be absent at the Palace of Holyroodhouse from the 20th till the 30th, the Duke being High Commissioner of the General

Assembly of the Church of Scotland this year; but no doubt they will return south after this ceremonial fortnight in the north.

The Chelsea Flower Show is one of the May events which make a special appeal to the Queen, and to Princess Mary also, as both royal ladies are keen gardeners, and her Majesty is certain to make her usual tour of the exhibits on May 22, the opening day. The Royal Tournament is a military show which the Queen is also likely to attend. This lasts over Derby week, and precedes the busiest time of the season, June 18-21, when Ascot occupies society's complete attention for four days of superb racing and fashion display, further embellished on the Tuesday and the Thursday by the wonderful pageant of the State drive up the Straight Mile. The old-world pageantry of the postillions is enchanting, and there is something most impressive in seeing the royal party welcomed by the "luxury racing folk" in the boxes and stands on their left hand, and by the democratic crowd on the heath. The Aldershot Command Tattoo, which takes place in Ascot week, is a splendid spectacle, which draws visitors from London and from the house parties assembled in the neighbourhood for Ascot.

After Ascot the "horsey" folk have not finished with their "treats." The International Horse Show is an event which interests royalty and draws the whole of hunting society to Olympia, either as spectators or as competitors in the jumping, the Handy Hunter class, or some other event; and the international "lepping" contest is one of the great thrills of the year.

The delights of the season cannot be enumerated without remarking on the many polo matches; the wonderful Wimbledon lawn-tennis championships (which interest the Queen particularly, for she is fond of watching lawn-tennis), and the Ranelagh, Roehampton, and Hurlingham Gymkhanas. The last afford the young members of the *haute noblesse* and the smart set the opportunity of forgetting the urban formalities of the season, and appearing in boyish riding kit to compete in amusing races which call for good horsemanship and display the modern young woman's powers of looking charming in "stable boy" attire! Nor must "freak parties" be forgotten: they have played an important part in our activities of late. Fancy-dress dances when the hostess plays hide-and-seek with her guests by changing dresses three or four times a night, and other original entertainments, have been given by our most distinguished hostesses.

These entertainments usually take place in the latter part of the season, as July marks the most light-hearted weeks of our social carnival. The debutantes are launched, and have made their little circle, chosen their favourite partners, and registered their first reactions to admiration and social success; therefore the married folk feel freer, and more entitled to amuse themselves; while Henley and Lord's are both fixtures with an informal side which fosters this care-free spirit.

The Eton and Harrow match is a unique social event which has a good deal to do with the happy July character of London, on account of its refreshingly youthful atmosphere. Every Etonian and Harrovian, whether he be fourteen, forty, or four-score, finds his heart beating wildly during the course of the wonderful two days; so it is not surprising that the season often goes out in a real burst of informal festivities, before we all scatter for Goodwood house-parties, with the prospect of meeting at Cowes—where this year King Fuad is to be a distinguished foreign visitor, on board the only royal yacht present—for a last gathering before Scotland, the Lido, Biarritz, or Dinard each claims its votaries, and another season lies behind us.



Sport of the Season: The Promise of 1929.



CRICKET IN 1929.—By F. B. WILSON.

THE season of 1929 will be disappointing to the sensation-mongers, in that there is no chance of our beating the Australians over here: it is not their visit. After the brilliant cricket—for it can be

as brilliant to make twenty in two hours in certain conditions, or to keep up an end as a bowler for two hours and a half, as to hit wonderfully or skittle the other side out on a bad wicket—played by our side in Australia in the Test Matches, everybody quite naturally wants to see our best side get at Australia again. The M.C.C. side in Australia did so magnificently out there that every member of the team will be a hero here in his matches, even if he gets no runs or does not take wickets: this



THE HOLDER OF THE BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. T. P. PERKINS.

failure is unlikely to happen in many matches, if any.

Instead of the Australians, we have the South Africans over here. They have a very full programme, including five Test Matches: at Birmingham on June 15; Lord's, June 29; Leeds, July 13; Manchester, July 27; and the Oval, Aug. 17. The South African side this year will not be as good as that astonishing team which P. W. Sherwell captained.

There will be no bowler like A. E. E. Vogler—one of the best bowlers who ever lived, on his day—or a G. A. Faulkner, who was a world's cricketer. We shall miss A. D. Nourse, one of the most lovable of men as well as a great cricketer. The South Africans should not, unless they have found players who develop unexpected and tremendous merit suddenly over here, beat England in a Test Match unless the conditions are quite unfair—as, of course, they can be at cricket. They, however, are always a team that one wants to go and see. Against the Australians spectators wear dour faces, even in ordinary matches: that is, very likely, because they have beaten us so often and because they play such a grim game. The South Africans always play as if they enjoy the game, whether it be cricket or Rugby football. They are certainly a well-balanced side, and on sticky wickets will bowl really well: it remains to be seen how they bat, however, on the said sticky wickets. In a dry summer, too, the bowling may become rather weak against the English side on our pitches, which are much sounder than those in South Africa. Against the team that the M.C.C. sent out to South Africa in 1927 the South Africans lost the first two Test Matches, drew the next Test, and finished magnificently by winning the last two big matches, making a draw of the series of five Tests. It will be a great disappointment to cricket enthusiasts that G. F. Bassett, their fast bowler, is not coming over with this year's team. On English wickets it will be most difficult to pick the English side. No one is going to believe that Hobbs is not still number one with Sutcliffe. Hammond and Larwood have picked themselves by their performances in Australia. They will be the two most "drawing" personalities of the year on all grounds.

A new law has been made this year to govern the county championship. County cricket is really the back-bone of the game, with the help of the public schools and the universities, and the new rule seems to aim, wisely, at the object of the weaker counties getting their proper "gates" and so being able to carry on. In this year "Every County competing in the County Championship shall arrange 28 matches, and 28 only, with other competing Counties." This seems eminently fair, and does away with the "picking" of matches to which many people have taken exception. The only drawback is that, once in so many years, certain matches which have always created the greatest enthusiasm cannot be played. Into the prospects of the county championship one cannot go, but it is not difficult to guess that Lancashire, Yorkshire, Kent, and Notts will be "there or thereabouts." Middlesex will need some beating. N. Haig follows that fine sportsman, Frank Mann, as captain. Haig played against Australia in England, and, more important than being a fine all-round player, has great personality and the knack of leading men—a born gift.

At the Universities, Oxford have ten Blues in residence and some remarkable



THE VISIT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETERS: MR. H. G. DEANE, THE CAPTAIN.

The tour of the South Africans, which will comprise thirty-eight matches, including five Tests, opens at Worcester on May 1. There are sixteen members of the team.

freshmen. One is I. Akers-Douglas, whose school record was astonishing last year; and another, I hear, I. A. R. Peebles, who went to South Africa in 1927 with the M.C.C. team, and has played for the Gentlemen against the Players at the Oval. As for the Eton and Harrow match, Harrovians are firm that they must win this year, given fair weather: they should have a good side. So will Eton!

GOLF IN 1929.—By R. ENDERSBY HOWARD.

IT is professional rivalry that grips the public imagination at the dawn of the new golf season. And, be it said, it is professional rivalry without the mercenary element: rather is it in the nature of a romantic undertaking.

The teams representing the United States and Britain who will meet for the Ryder Cup on the Moortown course, at Leeds, on April 26 and 27, are bent solely on a struggle for honour. As it is an affair of eight a side, individual glories will be merged into the whole, and, although the players are the elect of those who earn their livelihood at the game in the two countries, not so much as a penny in financial reward attaches to their efforts. True, they will receive their expenses, but even amateurs are allowed to do that where team matches are concerned. I think the situation can be set down as a worthy—if not very advantageous—example for professionals in every form of sport.

There is a welcome spirit of hope and quiet optimism among the British players, even though the United States have been predominant at golf for eight years, and the previous contest for the Ryder Cup, held at Worcester, Mass., in 1927, ended in a victory for the Americans by the big margin of nine games to two. Much of this faith is built on the fact that the holders are now called upon to defend the trophy on foreign soil, and that six of them, Leo Diegel, the new match-play champion of his nation, Horton Smith, Eddie Dudley, Joe Turnesa, Johnny Golden, and Al Espinosa, are strangers to Britain.

The powers of the fresh American generation will be tested at Leeds. I am assured that we shall be immensely impressed by Horton Smith, a twenty-years-old youth from a small club in Missouri, where the putting "greens" are of rolled sand—which, by the way, makes just about the perfect putting surface. It has given Smith such a confident touch in putting that he has been the outstanding player in the winter tournaments in the Southern States. Of nineteen such events, he has won seven. Moreover, he has been up with the leaders at the finish of all the others.

The British are a team of longer experience in first-class golf. Henry Cotton alone represents an entirely new generation. He is twenty-two, and, like Smith, he has been a full-fledged professional for only about two years. It is a great tonic that George Duncan, appointed captain of the home forces several months ago, has recaptured his old magic inspiration on the links. Duncan in the right mood can be a wondrous stimulant to his men, as well as a conqueror of his own particular rival.

All the Americans will take part in the British open championship at Muirfield, East Lothian, in the second week of May, and will be supplemented by four of the best players of British birth who have become naturalised Americans—namely, Macdonald Smith, T. D. Armour, R. A. Cruickshank, and James Barnes. That suggests a big possibility of the cup being retained in the land to which Walter Hagen has taken it three times, and Mr. Bobby Jones twice, in recent years.

The ladies' championship at St. Andrews in the



MR. H. W. TAYLOR, WHO IS REGARDED AS SOUTH AFRICA'S BEST BATSMAN.



MR. A. L. OCHSE, WHO IS LOOKED UPON AS THE BEST FAST BOWLER.



THE HOLDER OF THE BRITISH WOMEN'S OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MME. ROBERT THION DE LA CHAUME (MLLE. MANETTE LE BLAN).

third week of May will be memorable for the reappearance of Miss Joyce Wethered, just when everybody had become resigned to her irrevocable retirement from classic contests. Three years' absence

[Continued on page 659.]

London Twilight in Japanese Art: After Spring—Full Summer.

FROM THE OIL PAINTINGS BY YOSHIO MARKINO, INCLUDED IN HIS EXHIBITION AT THE NEW STUDIO GALLERY, KNIGHTSBRIDGE. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"THE LAKE WAS UNDISTURBED WHEN THE LAST ROWER WAS GONE HOME": A SUMMER EVENING ON THE SERPENTINE.



"EVEN AT 11 P.M. THE NORTHERN SKY HAD TWILIGHT": SHADOWS AND LIGHTS OF A SUMMER NIGHT IN HYDE PARK.

We reproduce here and on page 658 four of the charming pictures which Mr. Yoshio Markino, the well-known Japanese artist and poet, is showing this month in his first Exhibition of Oil Paintings, "Hyde Park in the Night," at the New Studio Gallery, 217, Knightsbridge. He writes that during the war,

being forbidden to sketch London, he read the Greek and Latin classics and modern European works—studies that resulted in his new book, "Thinkers and Thoughts of East and West." After travel in Europe and America, he was happy to return to "dear old London," and devote himself to painting.

The Park as a Japanese Artist Sees It: London Nights.

FROM THE OIL PAINTINGS BY YOSHIO MARKINO, INCLUDED IN HIS EXHIBITION AT THE NEW STUDIO GALLERY, KNIGHTSBRIDGE. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"IN THE ROTTEN ROW ONE EVENING": THE FALLING DUSK AT HYDE PARK CORNER.



"AND THE HUNTER'S MOON HAD ARISEN ABOVE THE TREES TO REFLECT HERSELF ON THE LAKE": THE SERPENTINE AT NIGHT.

In a note on the pictures in his new Exhibition (described on page 657), Mr. Yoshio Markino writes: "For the first time I have taken this new medium, oil, and found it very advantageous to depict more freely the soul and atmospheric effect of each place, disregarding technics. Friends remarked:

'Oh, how modern is your style in oil!' It so, it is merely accidental; for I care very little for so-called style, which is just like the women's fashion. As long as the person herself is genuine, it does not matter whether in the latest fashion or that of a hundred years ago her dress may be."

Continued from page 656.]

may make a difference, but she is yet young (to be precise, twenty-seven), and those who have seen her in private and semi-public golf scout the idea that



M. H. COCHET, THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION OF FRANCE AND THE "RUNNER-UP" IN THE SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON, 1928.

United States title for the third time; a fresh British generation, headed by the remarkable young Miss Enid Wilson—and possibly Miss Cecil Leitch, who, I am told, proposes to practise hard and reappear now that Miss Wethered is emerging again. It is the most interesting situation that has ever taken possession of ladies' golf.

The men's amateur championship at Sandwich is comparatively remote, and the only formidable "crusader" of whom we seem at present to be certain is Mr. George Von Elm, the one victor over Mr. Bobby Jones in the last five finals of the United States championship. All the current indications suggest that, whatever the opposition, Mr. T. P. Perkins, of Birmingham, has a great chance of retaining the title, which he won twelve months ago. He is certainly the best amateur golfer produced by this country for at least eight years.

THE LAWN-TENNIS OUTLOOK.—By A. W. M.

POLITICIANS and publicists have both commented on the indifference of the new woman elector towards the national issues which will be determined at the end of next month. May one suggest that the average girl worker, and her sister who does not work at all, are more concerned with sport than with politics; that the racket, for example, is of more consequence to them than the realm? By this reflection I do not mean that they are not all patriots; rather are they tasting the sweets of freedom which the development of women's sport has emphasised. When women shortened both their hair and their skirts they discarded a convention which had cramped their athletic progress; international competition, the quest of travel, stimulated the new outlook; through the medium of games women discovered that, as in work, they could reach equality with men. To the emancipated sex, then, a General Election is a tiresome, almost a superfluous, interruption. Who would give up a tennis tournament to go to the poll? That would seem to be the mental attitude!

I mention women's play first because women's play all over the world is increasing by leaps and bounds—the leaps of many feet on turf and *terre battue*, the bounds of a million tennis-balls. Miss Helen Wills, a few years ago, was a doctor's modest daughter,

she can be beaten. Still, she will have to meet a new race of French players, two of whom have won the championship in her absence; three of the best Americans, including Miss Glenna Collett, who holds the

fingers of one hand. One of them is Señorita de Alvarez, a finalist for three successive years; another is Miss E. L. Heine, champion of South Africa, who returns to the centre court after a most intriguing debut in 1927. There is much maturing talent on the feminine side in England; none will probably ripen quickly enough this summer. But Wimbledon will have at least two new-comers likely to focus attention. One is Miss Edith Cross—like Miss Wills, whom she will partner, a native of California; the other is Miss Jenny Sandison, the nineteen-year-old champion of India, who possesses both courage and skill. Their own supporters have predicted prestige for these two. We must wait and see. Experience of Wimbledon is a golden asset, and Miss Wills herself fell unexpectedly at the first attempt. What people forget is that, before a champion can be dethroned, strategy must be carefully rehearsed, and only a face-to-face meeting on court can assist the campaigner.

On the male side France is at present predominant. She holds the Davis Cup and all the major championships. Henri Cochet is champion of France and America; René



THE HOLDER OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON: MISS HELEN WILLS.

Lacoste is the Wimbledon holder; Jean Borotra is the covered court champion at one and the same time of all three countries. Lawn-tennis supremacy runs in cycles, and the



THE HOLDER OF THE MEN'S LAWN-TENNIS SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON: M. RENÉ LACOSTE.

French cycle, with its strong reserves, is not yet complete. America, it is true, will have Tilden again in the lists at Wimbledon. His genius is unfaded, but he is now thirty-five years of age, and Americans are sprinters rather than "milers." The Italians have a new will-power, the Japanese great stamina, the Spaniards refined artistry, Germany potential forces, the Australians and South Africans courage and physique; none of these countries, nor England, is likely to supplant one of the Frenchmen this year. Of course, you can never be quite sure. Norman Brookes won the All-Comers in 1905, the odds heavily against

him. But that was nearly a quarter of a century ago. Competition is much keener to-day; nor can dark horses conceal themselves. The man who lowers the French flag at Wimbledon will well deserve to get a big offer from the films!

The challenge round of the Davis Cup will again be decided at Auteuil at the end of July. French sportsmen remained in Paris last year to cheer their countrymen to victory; they were joined by many Americans, who, after bemoaning the withdrawal of W. T. Tilden, rejoiced at his reinstatement. By the way, it was the late Mr. Myron Herrick who, at the height of the controversy, turned the scale in Tilden's favour. Mr. Herrick, like others, knew that Tilden was a greater amateur than the majority of his opponents on the court—an amateur, too, who had inspired the youth of more countries than his own. America cannot reach the challenge round until mid-July, but she ought to obtain that objective. Contrary to early report, one expects that Tilden will

once more be the spearhead for the invaders. Probably the team on both sides, the challenged and the challenging, will be the same as last year. Lacoste, however, is now immersed in his father's motoring business. His participation is not yet assured. If he does not play, then Cochet and Borotra will probably defend the Cup, both in singles and in doubles. Herein would lie America's chance, for, while Borotra can be indomitable under cover on a wood floor, and often irresistible at Wimbledon, he does not appreciate, to the same degree, outdoor conditions in Paris. Tilden would be favoured to defeat him at Auteuil; Frank Hunter might do the same thing. Even then

France could still win, but the margin would be thin and precarious.

A South African mixed team, the strongest she can send, lands in England next week (April 21); a British women's team goes to America, after Wimbledon, to defend the Wightman Cup. Señorita de Alvarez may also go to America, but not until the cooler autumn.

THE LONDON POLO SEASON, 1929. By "THE DARWESH."

EVERY year, as the polo season in England comes round, we look hopefully and even fearfully towards the weather prophets and the heavens; for, if there is one game above all others which stands or falls by the atmospheric conditions, it is polo.

You cannot cover a polo ground with a tarpaulin. Is it going to be a real summer with fast, dry grounds, or are we going to have six weeks to two months of our all-too-short polo season in London, where the real work is done, washed clean out? That is the question



TO BE PARTNERED WITH MISS RYAN IN THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES AT WIMBLEDON: MISS BETTY NUTHALL.



ONE OF THE FEW SERIOUS RIVALS TO MISS HELEN WILLS: MISS E. L. HEINE, SOUTH AFRICAN CHAMPION.

Wills won the title at Wimbledon without forfeiting a set; her triumph was almost Lenglenistic in its certainty. This year one may expect her to win again. Her serious rivals can be counted on the



THE SPANISH "RUNNER-UP" IN THE WOMEN'S SINGLES AT WIMBLEDON: SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ.

Señorita de Alvarez, by the way, is writing a most interesting series of articles for the "Sketch," giving her impressions of "Other Stars." She began in the issue of April 10, with René Lacoste. Her next subject was Miss Betty Nuthall. In the issue of April 24 she will write of "Little Bill Johnston."

[Continued on page 682]

DÉBUTANTES OF 1929.

THE London Season opens next month, and, though no one denies that a General Election is quite an important event, and several thousands of people are convinced that if Mr. Baldwin is not returned with a substantial majority the country will at long last really go to the dogs, it is upon the débutantes that the success or failure of a Season turns. Except that some voters may find themselves compelled to be away from London on polling day the effect of the General Election on the season, though everybody seems worried about it, is not likely to be far-reaching. The only people who have an excuse for anxiety are the mothers and chaperons of the young things who are going to be launched on their social career.

The fact of the matter is that, while the season can look after itself, given a good supply of débutantes, General Election or no General Election, if the supply of débutantes for some reason suddenly ceased, there would be no London Season at all! The Courts, Ascot, Ranelagh, Hurlingham, Roehampton, a Royal Garden Party, a smart ball—just imagine for a moment what these functions would be like if bereft of the decorative and heartening spectacle of the yearly batch of newly-fledged social chicks!

The situation simply does not bear thinking about. But it is pleasant to dwell on the girls who are coming out this year. Many of them have good looks above the average. Some have the reputation of being clever; some are unknown quantities. There are some to whom brilliant social careers are assured at the start; there are others whose progress in this direction will be watched with great interest. As the Americans say: "meet" a few of the débutantes of this season of 1929. There are the two younger daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Ladies Margaret and Helen Stewart, who will have all the fun of coming out together,

as illness stepped in to prevent Lady Margaret making her début last season. Lady Londonderry is a great political, as well as a purely social, hostess; she is among the privileged few who entertain members of the Royal Family in as informal a fashion as such exalted people can be entertained by subjects; she is rich, and she has wide sympathies and many tastes. Both the girls came out more or less informally at the Cottesmore Hunt Ball in February, and it has just been announced that Lady Londonderry will give the Derby Night Ball, which is always an important social event usually attended by royalty. This dance will serve a



LADY ANN COLE, THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN.

double purpose this year, as it will celebrate the classic race and the début of the Ladies Margaret and Helen Stewart. Both these girls are assured of a "good time," in the social sense, and as Lady Margaret is credited with having inherited the strength of character of her grandmother, Teresa Lady Londonderry, she is quite likely to be one of the outstanding débutantes of the season.

Miss Ulrica Thynne is expected to gain the distinction of being the most beautiful débutante of her year. Her father, Colonel Ulric Thynne, is related to Lord Bath, at whose house in Grosvenor Square her mother gave a coming-out dance for her daughter in March. Miss Ulrica has a fine, natural complexion, a slender figure, and rather fair hair, and possesses an enviable share of the traditional good

modern-looking girl; as also, in a different way, is Lady Veronica Blackwood, with her dark, rather short hair, nose with a slight upward tilt, abundant supply of vitality, and not inconsiderable experience of the world, as she attended her first grown-up dance at the age of sixteen.

Two girls whose social career will, one feels sure, be watched by the Queen with affectionate interest are Miss Cecilia Keppel, elder daughter of Lord Bury, whose father, Lord Albemarle, was at one time Lord-in-Waiting to the King; and Miss Rosemary Mitford, whose grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Airliie, is Lady of the Bed-



THE HON. MERIEL LYTTLETON, THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNT COBHAM.

chamber to, and close personal friend of, her Majesty. Miss Keppel has, like the princesses in fairy-tales, hair like spun gold, is very artistic, and a beautiful dancer, which is not surprising, since she has studied since her earliest years, and as a small child

made many appearances in public in the cause of charity. Lady Ann Cole, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Enniskillen, is *petite* and unshingled; and the fortunate possessor of great good looks. In the matter of inches, one of her rivals is Lady Flavia Giffard, only daughter of Lord and Lady Halsbury—and a relative of Mrs. Elinor Glyn—who is witty, and has red hair.

The list is long, and space is short; still, there are one or two others who cannot be ignored. Miss Barbara Gray-Cheape, for instance, who is small and very lively, is the second daughter of the late Col. Hugh Gray-Cheape, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Gray-Cheape, of Carse Gray, Angus; Lady Janet Montgomery, the second daughter of Beatrice Lady Eglinton and Winton; Miss Pauline Somerville, daughter of the builder of the Menin Gate, and the Mappin Terraces at the "Zoo," among other edifices; and Miss Daphne Yorke, a niece of the Duchess of York's Lady-in-Waiting, and

of Lady Forbes, who is joining with her sister, Mrs. Ralph Yorke, in giving a dance for Miss Daphne's début in May. There is another unshingled débutante in the person of Miss Vida Cuthbert. Miss Cuthbert's mother is the second wife of Lord Rayleigh, and he also has a daughter, Miss Daphne Strutt, who is eighteen this year. Baroness Veronica Ramsay, for whom her mother is joint hostess with the Hon. Mrs. Maule Ramsay at a dance on May 15, belongs to the Russian branch of the Ramsays of Dalhousie.



MISS ROSEMARY MITFORD, THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MAJOR THE HON. CLEMENT B. OGILVY MITFORD, D.S.O., AND OF LADY HELEN BROCKLEHURST.

looks of the Thynne family. She has sporting tastes, competed at Olympia in her early 'teens, and is an enthusiastic follower of the Crawley and Horsham Hunt.

Miss Mary Lindley is one of the few débutantes who may now and again find herself torn between pleasure and politics. Her father is Sir Francis Lindley, our Minister at Oslo, and her brother-in-law, Mr. Jock McEwen, is a prospective Tory candidate, and, like her three elder sisters, she is interested in politics. Lady Fiona Pratt, younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Camden, is one of the sporting "buds," and is an excellent rider to hounds, a distinction she shares with Miss Marjorie Leigh, daughter of Sir John Leigh, and a typically



MISS CYNTHIA POST, DAUGHTER OF MRS. HARRY POST, WHO IS TO HAVE A DANCE GIVEN FOR HER ON MAY 15.



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF COLONEL AND MRS. ULRIC THYNNE: MISS ULRICA THYNNE.

privileged few who entertain members of the Royal Family in as informal a fashion as such exalted people can be entertained by subjects; she is rich, and she has wide sympathies and many tastes. Both the girls came out more or less informally at the Cottesmore Hunt Ball in February, and it has just been announced that Lady Londonderry will give the Derby Night Ball, which is always an important social event usually attended by royalty. This dance will serve a



THE HON. SHEILA CARY, THE YOUNGER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

THE SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN: STARS; AND "JUDITH."

FLORENCE AUSTRAL
(SOPRANO).



EVBLYN ARDEN
(CONTRALTO).



FRITZ WOLFF
(TENOR).



LAURITZ MELCHIOR
(TENOR).



GITTA ALPAR, THE HUNGARIAN SOPRANO, WHO
IS TO SING IN THE OPENING PERFORMANCE
OF "ROSENKAVALIER."



EVA TURNER
(SOPRANO).



ELIZABETH SCHUMANN
(SOPRANO).



ROSA PONSELLE, THE SOPRANO FOR WHOM "NORMA"
IS BEING REVIVED AT COVENT GARDEN AFTER AN INTERVAL
OF THIRTY YEARS.



FRIDA LEIDER
(SOPRANO).



DELIA REINHARDT
(SOPRANO).

GÖTA LJUNGBERG
(SOPRANO).



EUGENE
GOOSSENS,
THE COMPOSER
OF "JUDITH."



MARIA
OLCZEWSKA
(CONTRALTO).



ARNOLD
BENNETT,
THE AUTHOR OF
"JUDITH."



FEODOR CHALIAPINE (BASS).



This year's season of International Grand Opera at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, will open on Monday, April 22, and last for ten weeks; that is, until Friday, June 28. There will be many notable features, and celebrated artists of many nationalities have been engaged. The first production will be Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier." The cast will include Mesdames Lotte Lehmann and Delia Reinhardt, and Mr. Richard Mayr, who are all associated with its original London production in 1924, and subsequent performances. Mme. Elizabeth Schumann was the third soprano heard in the opera at Covent Garden, but in the coming performance the rôle associated with this delightful artist will be taken by a newcomer

to England, Mme. Gitta Alpar, a Hungarian coloratura singer from the Berlin Staatsoper. The revival of Vincenzo Bellini's opera "Norma," which has not been heard in London for thirty years, is an interesting feature of the season. It is being given on account of the engagement of Mme. Ponselle, from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. She has never been heard out of America, is said to be one of the greatest of dramatic sopranos, and made an enormous success in "Norma" when it was revived for her at the Metropolitan. "Judith," the new opera, with a book by Mr. Arnold Bennett and music by Mr. Eugene Goossens, will be presented during the latter half of the season.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE COMING SEASON.—SUNDAY OPENING.

AS I write, all London is talking of Mr. C. B. Cochran's latest great fling, "Porgy," the negro play which is so affecting that one of Mr. Cochran's competitors, who was eager to produce it but could not make his fellow-directors see eye to eye with him, said: "I am not given to tears, but when I read the script I wept not for years have I been so moved

until much later in the year. The same may be said of a new comedy by Sir Arthur Pinero which he finished some time ago, but, I learn, would not have mentioned, except *en passant*, until he had decided who is to act in it.

Sir Nigel Playfair has had the happy thought to let the immortal Offenbach

be heard in London, and on the day that this appears he will reopen the Lyric, Hammersmith, with the gay "Vie Parisienne" (not seen for decades and decades in London) and modernised with an entirely new libretto by Mr. A. P. Herbert, who, if he succeeds, will have performed a task of rare difficulty, for, *démodé* as the old libretto by Meilhac and Halévy is by this time, it had a savour of satire so local that it seems almost impossible to find the equivalent in English. But our humourist has achieved other "impossibilities" ere this, so good luck to him! By the way, when you hear "La Vie Parisienne" prick up your ears, for the score has been amplified by other Offenbachanalia from "La Périochole" to "La Belle Hélène" (which I also warmly commend to Sir Nigel and his collaborator—it would be as fresh today as it was under

the new plays are lying in wait for failures to be replaced.

Of foreign experiments there is the possibility that Ben Jonson's "Volpone," which Jules Romains and Stefan Zweig have turned into a comedy à la Molière and which is the rage of *tout Paris*, will be brought over by the Théâtre des Arts; but whether this plan will mature or succeed is an open question. Having read the play, I agree with my distinguished colleague, Mr. S. W. Carroll, that it is not of the same value as our own home-made classic, and that the language does not reach the raciness of the original. Meanwhile, the first performance of the German Players, who will begin with Sudermann's famous play, "Johannisfeuer," is in preparation, and will be given at the Arts Theatre on May 25. It will also almost certainly be manned by English-born actors whose German is flawless. The chief parts are under contemplation by Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Mrs. Alix Grein, Mr. Austin Trevor, Mr. Charles Carson, and Mr. Boris Ranevski—the last a Russian artist who has been adopted by the English stage and made his mark in "77, Park Lane."

It is also "on the cards" that the famous Dutch actor Louis de Vries, with his own company, will come over during the season to give a performance of Heyermans' great play, "Ghetto," which, some thirty years ago, when it made his name all the world over, was produced and *ruined* in adaptation and by the performance at the Comedy Theatre. In conclusion, let me call the attention of our overseas readers to the annual Shakespeare Festival at Stratford and to the Shaw Festival at Malvern, under the auspices of Sir Barry Jackson. At Stratford, "King Richard II.," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," and "Macbeth" will be the principal revivals; and at Malvern there will once again be an opportunity of seeing Bernard Shaw's great quintology of "Back to Methuselah" in its entirety.

The Sunday Opening movement, revived most timely on the eve of the election, for it will make an excellent "plank" in the programme of candidates "of the people, for the people," began in 1893, amid the Ibsen turmoil. I remember that in that year a band of enthusiasts—myself, if I may say so, as ring-leader—defied the Lord Chamberlain by inviting passers-by to the old Opéra Comique in the Strand, where Stepniak, the renowned Russian refugee, was to give a dramatic rendering of Ostrofski's

[Continued on page 684]



HOW A "TALKING PICTURE" IS PRODUCED: A SOUND-PROOF MOVABLE HUT (CENTRE FOREGROUND) CONTAINING THE CAMERA; AND THE SOUND-RECORDING CHAMBER (ON RIGHT) READY TO TAKE THE SCENE SHOWN IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, WITH THE MICROPHONE IN POSITION OPPOSITE THE PLAYERS.

This photograph, taken in the new sound-studios at Elstree, shows the apparatus in readiness for taking a scene in the first British "talkie." At the moment, it will be noted, the actual recording has not begun, as the door of the sound-proof hut containing the camera has not yet been closed. The object of this sound-proof hut is to prevent the noise of the camera being heard in the record.

by the perusal of a play, and I can only conjecture what the effect will be when acted by racial actors." The first night endorsed this opinion; the house literally vibrated with emotion. "Porgy" is a fitting beginning to the summer season; a sensational one too, which recalls the wonderment of London when, in 1897, a company of negroes produced at the Shaftesbury an opera written by a negro composer and played by negroes recruited in America. But "In Dahomey" was, however picturesque, facile stuff compared with "Porgy," which is real drama in all the word stands for. But more about this in my next, for this is merely a review of coming events and probable forecasts to acquaint the World of the Theatre at large what will be seen in London during the summer. As usual, Mr. Cochran is first and foremost with a definite programme. Having launched two successes—for at the Pavilion his "Wake Up and Dream" revue beats all records—he will at once begin to rehearse another play, "Paris Bound," by Philip Barry, in which Mr. Herbert Marshall and Miss Edna Best, on their welcome return from America, will play the leading part, at the Lyric. And as soon as Mr. Noel Coward, that young genius to whom music comes as easily as playwriting or revue invention, returns from the West Indies, his operette, "Sara Lindon" (not yet cast), the story of a schoolgirl, will be taken in hand. The next manager ready with a programme is Mr. Leon M. Lion, whose revival of "Major Barbara" in partnership with Miss Sybil Thorndike and Mr. Macdona is still drawing good houses—which goes to prove that the *intelligentsia* are more numerous than is generally believed. His plan is to give another Galsworthy Cycle at Wyndham's, and, if possible, to produce a new play by Mr. C. K. Munro, whose "The Rumour," has just been accorded a prolonged lease of life at the Court by the munificence of an anonymous donor—and one by Mr. Clifford Bax; whereas Miss Thorndike will probably give either matinées or an evening season of "The Mariners," by Miss Clemence Dane. Miss Thorndike has, I understand, also a play by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw—title undisclosed; but that may not be seen

the Second Empire). Mr. James Grant Anderson, a lucky man who won £1000 in a picture-puzzle, will make an effort to make the Embassy Theatre (which should be rechristened the Hampstead Theatre, for it is constantly confounded with the Ambassadors) more popular. He will begin with the late W. S. Gilbert's charming comedy, "Engaged"—which is of 1877—and follow it up with "The Green Dragon," by Jefferson Farjeon, and "The Man Who Missed It," by Harold Owen. It seems a promising programme, which, if well acted, may change the chequered fortunes of the theatre. In other quarters the names of many new plays are flourished in the air; but at present, with nearly all musical comedies doing good business, with "Journey's End" and "The Lady with a Lamp," the Haymarket with Mr. Milne's "The Ivory Door" starting merrily, the future is not so much dependent on new ventures as on vacant houses. It is, alas! the sad side of our theatrical life that one man's poison is another man's meat—plainly



DIALECT LESSONS FOR "THE TALKIES": A CLASS IN BROAD DEVONSHIRE FOR FILM ACTORS AT WEMBLEY.

At the Wembley studios of British Talking Pictures there is a pronunciation "school" for players appearing as Devonshire rustics in a dialect film. Some of them are here seen being coached in the Devon "burr" by Miss Sibyl Jane (next to the blackboard), a well-known actress (now playing with Miss Marie Tempest at the Criterion), who is a native of the county. She was engaged for the purpose by Mr. Sinclair Hill, who is directing the film for British Sound-Film Productions. Her pupils include Mr. Ion Swinley, Mr. Leo Sheffield, and Miss Rosalinde Fuller.

MOON-MAKING FOR THE FILM: BLEACHED SAND FOR LUNAR "SNOWS."



BUILDING A LUNAR LANDSCAPE FOR FRITZ LANG'S NEW FILM, "THE WOMAN ON THE MOON": MEN AT WORK CONSTRUCTING "SNOW" SLOPES OF BLEACHED SAND IN THE UFA STUDIOS, SHOWING (ABOVE) THE LIGHTS IN POSITION TO CONVERGE DOWNWARD WITH DAZZLING EFFECT.



PREPARING A FILM SETTING FOR WHICH THREE TRAIN-LOADS OF SAND WERE BROUGHT FROM THE BALTIC AND BLEACHED WHITE TO REPRESENT SNOW: WORKMEN IN THE UFA STUDIOS CONSTRUCTING A LUNAR LANDSCAPE FOR "THE WOMAN ON THE MOON."

"The Woman on the Moon" is the name of a new imaginative film which Herr Fritz Lang, the well-known German producer, has for some time been preparing in the studios of the Ufa Company. It is a romance of the future, somewhat after the manner of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, showing the adventures of a party from the earth, consisting of a woman, two men, and a boy, who, a thousand years hence, travel to the moon in a rocket across 238,840 miles of space. The

settings of the lunar landscape, with its snow-clad mountains, rocks, and craters, have been elaborately constructed, and present a wonderfully picturesque effect when the great flood-lights from above converge downward on the scene. As material for the "snow," three train-loads of sand were brought from the Baltic beaches, and bleached to a dazzling whiteness. Our photographs illustrate the work of distributing the "snow" about the slopes of the lunar ranges.

THE ONLY BIRD WITH REVERSE GEAR:

A FEATHERED "HELICOPTER."



"EQUIPPED WITH REVERSE GEAR": A HUMMING BIRD LEAVING ITS PERCH.

"Although the Humming Bird is easily capable of 60 miles an hour, speed is not the only remarkable feature of its flight. It is the only land bird that can really fly backward, and one of the few birds that can rise straight up into the air like a helicopter."



A MOTHER HUMMING BIRD POISED TO "RE-FUEL" HER BABY IN THE AIR.

"When feeding her young the Ruby-throat usually perches beside her baby, but sometimes she serves lunch while on the wing, balancing herself in the air. Only a bird with her tremendously rapid wing-beats could do it. The tail, with its white 'petticoat' feathers, serves as rudder and balancer."



MOTHER IS OFTEN VERY ROUGH, AND EVEN KNOCKS BABY OFF THE PERCH.

"Frequently, owing to their excessively fast movements, a developed film reveals a surprise, as in one picture which resembles an irate parent holding the traditional birch-rod. the baby cowering beneath the perch in terror. This was supposed to be a feeding picture."



A YOUNG HUMMING BIRD STICKING OUT ITS LONG TONGUE.

"The little ones grew unbelievably fast and came often to the porch, though for some time they were unable to drink from the bottles. The mother fed them, and the first time we saw her do it we were quite ready to notify the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The baby crouched flat on



A YOUNG DANDY PREENING HIS FEATHERS WITH BILL AND TONGUE.

the perch, squeaking as if in distress, and the bird hovering over it seemed to be stabbing it to death. We thought an alien infant was being persecuted by one of our birds, until we discovered that the little one was being fed by regurgitation, the pre-digested food being pumped into its stomach by its mother. Often t



A FLUFFY BABY, WITH ROUND HEAD AND SOFT, LIGHT BREAST.

baby would cling upside down to the perch, with bill wide open, begging to be fed. One baby bird spent much time on a perch making its toilet, going carefully over each feather, preening and licking it with bill and tongue. Often one sees the very long tongue, which is stuck in and out with great swiftness."



A HUMMING BIRD LICKING SWEETENED WATER FROM A FRIEND'S FINGER.

"Until very recently it was not known how to keep these little sprites in captivity. Invariably, in less than two months, they starved to death, because of a lack of their regular insect food, and despite an abundance of sugared water and flower nectar. A short time ago a substitute diet was discovered by two amateur ornithologists, one in New England and one in Texas, and by their methods birds have been kept captive successfully for as long as two



COMING TO A BOTTLE CONCEALED AMONG FLOWERS HELD IN THE HAND.



DIPPING ITS BILL INTO A BOTTLE OF SUGAR WATER HELD BY A FRIEND.

years. . . . A Humming Bird's wings move faster than an aeroplane's propeller. So rapid is the oscillation that the wings of these feathered mites appear merely as a blur. By striking a note on a violin which exactly harmonised with that of the tone of a Hummer's wings, it has been found that they vibrate as much as 200 times a second. This is five or six times faster than the propeller of the famous 'Spirit of St. Louis' revolves."

THE PUGNACIOUS HUMMING BIRD: THREE INCHES OF FIGHTING SPIRIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY MISS MARGARET L. BODINE. COPYRIGHT "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE," WASHINGTON. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 666.)



SPOILING FOR A FIGHT: WINGS AND TAIL OUTSPREAD AT THE APPROACH OF ANOTHER HUMMING BIRD (TO LEFT ABOVE).

"The usual technique of Humming Bird warfare is to grasp the antagonist firmly by the bill and then fall to the ground, beating the wings viciously. There the combatants roll and beat about until one gains the advantage. The vanquished frequently pretends to be almost dead, until his adversary leaves him, when he is up like a flash and off in pursuit, to start the fight again. Despite their battles, the Hummer's strength is so slight that they seldom



"FIGHTING IS THE HUMMING BIRD'S FAVOURITE SPORT": A DISPUTE OVER A BOTTLE OF SUGARED WATER ON A PERCH.

do each other serious injury. . . One of our Hummer visitors, apparently, was frequently thrown into a violent rage by the approach of another. With tail wide spread, the white-edged tail feathers giving the effect of a petticoat showing beneath a skirt, and fairly shrieking, it would dart at the newcomer, striking viciously with its rapier-like bill. . . After each duel, the victor invariably returns to the exact spot which it had left."



A BATTLE BETWEEN A HUMMING BIRD AND A BUMBLE-BEE OVER A BOTTLE OF SUGARED WATER: THE BEE IN POSSESSION.

"Nothing on wings," writes Miss Margaret L. Bodine, "can invade the domain of a Humming Bird with impunity. Larger birds usually forsake the field when he attacks, but bumblebees are not so discreet or else are more intrepid, for they frequently dispute the issue. . . Hummers are among the most fearless of all birds, despite their size, and are quite able to hold their own in the avian world, where they are treated with wholesome respect. They



"A LILLIPUTIAN BATTLE ROYAL": ANOTHER PHASE OF THE ENCOUNTER—THE HUMMING BIRD AND THE BEE BOTH IN THE AIR.

will attack hawks, eagles, and crows, and I have a firm conviction that, if conflicts were to occur between a Humming Bird and the Great Blue Heron, which sometimes comes to our nearby harbour, the vanquished one would never be the Hummer. . . For temper, pure and simple, they surely have no equal. . . While one well-known Ruby-throat varies from 3 to 4 inches over all, in the West Indies there is a species only 2½ inches in length."



WHERE HUMMING BIRDS MADE HUMAN FRIENDS.

"As many as eight Hummers at once have visited this porch of a summer cottage in Maine. Other birds, chipmunks, and flying squirrels have also been attracted to its clematis-covered precincts to be 'shot' by a camera."

THE porch of our summer home in Maine is only eleven by thirteen feet, quite in proportion to the humming birds which spend so many satisfying hours there. It is a second-storey affair, bounded on two sides by the walls of the cottage, which is built on a bank. A clematis vine grows there in profusion, and on the wide railings are flower-boxes, which first made this nook known to our winged visitors. However, the flowers are not the secret of the porch's attraction for them, but miniature bottles, about two inches long, covered with some bright-hued material and filled with sugared water.

These bottles are fastened among the blossoms and are speedily discovered by the humming birds. Once found, there are few daylight hours from the middle of June till September when at least one is not there. Sometimes as many as eight are feasting at a time. On the day after our arrival at our summer home last year, we put the little bottles out, and in less than ten minutes the first hummer came, drank, and perched.

The humming bird's powers of vision are marvellous. One of the little mites, which we discovered for the first time with field-glasses, sitting on a branch of a tree several hundred feet from the porch, watched us from there when we filled the bottles and was at the tip of the medicine dropper which was used for this purpose before we were through. This happened very often, and, as much of her time was spent on the same twig of this branch, we felt that her nest was probably near by. But the tree was a very tall one, and it was not possible for us to prove it.

There is more individuality in birds of all species than is generally realised. The marking and shape often vary, but more especially do their actions differentiate the members of one family, and for this reason we were able to recognise certain humming birds whenever they came to see us: "Crazy Jane" is an example. A friend named her because of her habit of invariably drinking from the bottom of a bottle, where the overflow sugar and water ran down (see photograph on this page); never from the top, as would the average bird. One was quite an acrobat, clinging to the bottle with its feet and bracing itself with its tail while it drank.

Doubtless what seems to be curiosity in humming birds is in many cases a search for food, which consists largely of insects caught in the air and of the nectar sucked from flowers. The tongues of these birds are long and tubular, and they extract the honey easily from such blossoms as the honeysuckle and the trumpet vine. They dine on many other favourites, such as the bee balm, larkspur, phlox, gladiolus, rose, and clematis. The hummers investigate all bright objects on the porch: a red film

FIGHTS AND FLIGHTS OF THE HUMMING BIRD. HIGH SPEED AND HIGH COURAGE IN A TINY FORM, "A GLITTERING FRAGMENT OF THE RAINBOW."

Abridged from the Article by MARGARET L. BODINE, in "The National Geographic Magazine" (Washington).

box, or one's purple sweater, into which the long bill is poked vigorously; they poise in front of the camera's lens or close to one's face, apparently studying it; or peer into each seed-cup of the birds' merry-go-round. The merry-go-round is a successful device invented to circumvent the red squirrel, which stole the seed from an ordinary hanging tray that was provided for other varieties of feathered guests.

One day there was a male purple finch in our black birch tree close by the porch, brilliant raspberry coloured in the sun, which was shining brightly on him. A young hummer, evidently mistaking the finch for a sweet flower, darted at him and gave him repeated jabs. The finch, appearing much bored, moved from spot to spot, and finally flew away. Our humming birds have certain favourite perching places: on the handle of a fern basket; the highest point of a wish-bone-shaped root, where the larger birds land when coming to us, and in the tiny swings which are made just wide enough for them to alight without brushing their outstretched wings.

One afternoon, when we returned after an absence of several hours, we found four humming birds waiting for us—a real, if not disinterested, welcome. A sight that brings a smile is that of a tiny humming bird perched with much dignity beside a stately wax-wing, a portly robin, or in the midst of a flock of purple finches. Some days there are hours when one couple will be fighting in the air, sailing close together, then suddenly separating, dashing at each other and striking with terrific force. We hear the sound of bill striking bill, or the thud of body against body, and are always fearful of finding a dead bird below.

There have been several red-letter days in our humming bird summers. One of these was early in August, when there seemed to be a veritable swarm of birds on the porch. There was a constant buzzing, creaking, and squeaking, as our "boarders" darted across the porch to drive others from their perches. We watched spellbound. It was difficult to count

bird was brought to the porch. It was the most diminutive ball of feathers we had ever seen, and was discovered clinging tight to the clematis vine. Soon we found its twin being fed by the male ruby-throat in the birch tree, though it is often stated that the father forgets all family cares after the nest is completed.

The nest itself is very beautiful. It is an inch or less in diameter, and the same in depth, and is lined with milkweed and plant-down. Usually the tiny structure is saddled to the limb of a tree and fastened securely with cobwebs. Nests have been found on cedar boughs, beech, elm, spruce, and fruit trees; on vines, blackberry briers, the stalk of a weed; in bushes, or even attached to a hammock. Indeed, one may be found almost anywhere, though the parents conceal them so effectively that they are among the



A HUMMING BIRD CROUCHING TO DRINK FROM THE OVERFLOW OF A BOTTLE.

A humming bird is seen here in a rare attitude, crouching down to drink from the overflow from a bottle of sugar-water, placed as an attraction on a twig. A long bill is a feature common to Hummers, and in one species the bill is longer than all the rest of the bird.

most difficult of all bird homes to locate. There are invariably two eggs, pure white; and the time of incubation is slightly less than two weeks, the young leaving the nest in about the same length of time.

Several times a hummer has perched quite calmly on a friend's extended finger, once running its tongue lightly along where sweetened water had been placed—the most gentle touch imaginable (see page 664 left lower corner photograph). One summer, for some inexplicable reason, no adult humming bird was seen on the porch, although there were the usual females and immature males. We missed seeing the gorgeous red throats, but that was our most peaceful summer, with many photographic opportunities. The following and each succeeding summer we have had several males, who have appropriated the porch as a private club, and have driven away with much fierceness all females and young birds. They have guarded the premises either from a perch on the porch or from a near-by tree, and allowed no other hummers to touch the sweetened water, whether or not they themselves wanted to drink.

The male is very beautiful, as he weaves his way back and forth before his lady-love in the mating season. She sits quietly on a twig as he sails slowly up and down, up and down before her. We have a vivid recollection of the first time we saw two humming birds sitting side by side on one of the porch perches. Audubon has called them "glittering fragments of the rainbow," and truly, as the sun shone dazzlingly on them, it was a charming picture.

Photographing humming birds provides sufficient difficulties to make it an interesting speciality, arousing one's sporting instinct. One does not like to feel an "inferiority complex" caused by a creature little more than three inches long. A goodly proportion of the humming-bird's life is spent on the wing, the very powerful muscles used in flying being attached to a strong and prominent breast-bone. To try to match the speed of its wings with a camera's shutter furnishes no small amount of excitement and at the same time something of a problem. For this kind of work it has been found preferable to use a camera which enables the photographer to see his image on the ground-glass and focus accurately up to the second of exposure.

(Continued on page 684.)



"CRAZY JANE" (LEFT) DRINKING THE OVERFLOW OF SYRUP; AND A PURPLE FINCH (RIGHT).

The Humming Bird on the left was called "Crazy Jane" because she insisted on drinking the overflow of syrup from the bottom of the bottle, where it ran down on the outside, instead of from the top, as did the rest. The Purple Finch, though several times the size of the Hummers, will make way for them if attacked.

Photographs by Margaret L. Bodine. Copyright "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington.)

them, and we could not be sure that there were more than eight at any one time, though the number seemed much greater. Another day worthy of remembrance was that on which the first baby humming

RELIGIOUS AND HISTORICAL: SCENES IN LONDON AND PARIS.



THE CENTENARY OF ROMAN CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION: THE SCENE IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL DURING THE PONTIFICAL MASS OF THANKSGIVING SUNG BY CARDINAL BOURNE.

The centenary of Roman Catholic Emancipation was celebrated, on April 13, by a Pontifical Mass of thanksgiving sung by Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, in the presence of the Roman Hierarchy of England and Wales and a great assemblage of clergy. There was a crowded congregation, representative of all classes of the laity, and among those in the places reserved for founders of the Cathedral were

the Duke of Marlborough, Lord FitzAlan, and Lord Iddesleigh. The Emancipation Act received the Royal Assent from George IV. on April 13, 1829, but did not come into operation until April 23, St. George's Day. During the subsequent century the Roman Catholic Church in this country has made remarkable progress. A hundred years ago there were only 397 churches and to-day there are 2183.



THE JOAN OF ARC PAGEANT IN PARIS: THE PROVOST OF THE MERCHANTS.



JOAN OF ARC AS REPRESENTED AT A PAGEANT IN PARIS: THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN A PERFORMANCE BY TWO THOUSAND AMATEURS BEFORE THE PRESIDENT.



FIFTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUMES IN THE JOAN OF ARC PAGEANT: SHERIFFS.

In connection with the Quincentenary of Joan of Arc, which France is celebrating this year, a Joan of Arc pageant was recently given in the great arena of the Grand Palais in Paris, before the President of the French Republic. Two thousand amateur performers took part in it, and it was repeated on April 13 and 14. The proceeds were devoted to a fund for placing memorial

stones at points where Joan halted during her famous ride from Vaucouleurs to find the King, five hundred years ago. The decorative side of the Paris pageant—dresses, banners, weapons, and so on—was excellently done, and formed a picturesque spectacle. There were also processions, and military exercises, including sword combats, tent-pegging, and a mediæval tournament.



THE NEW CHAPEL OF THE HOLY CROSS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ARRANGED FOR PRIVATE DEVOTIONS OF RELATIVES OF FALLEN SOLDIERS, CLOSE TO THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR: A VIEW SHOWING THE ALTAR (ON THE RIGHT) WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL HANGINGS AND FIGURES OF GILDED BRONZE.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey have recently fitted up a space under the south-west tower, near monuments of Wordsworth, Keble, and Dr. Arnold, as a chapel for private devotions, to be known as the Chapel of the Holy Cross. Situated close to the grave of the

Unknown Warrior, it likewise commemorates those who fell in the war, and forms a fitting place for the devotions of their relatives visiting the Abbey. The altar is furnished with magnificent hangings of embroidered crimson silk, and three gilded bronze figures of exquisite workmanship.

TO INDIA AND BACK BY AIR MAIL.

THE LOG OF THE ONLY PASSENGER WHO FLEW BOTH WAYS.

By Air Vice-Marshal SIR VYELL VYVYAN, K.C.B., D.S.O.

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan, who is a Director of Imperial Airways, describes in the following article his impressions during a very remarkable experience—a 10,000-mile flight from London to India and back within fifteen days, by the first air-mail, outward and homeward

SIR SAMUEL HOARE, the Secretary of State for Air, Major Bullock, his private secretary, and I, left Croydon at 10 a.m. on Saturday, March 30,

difficult for locating position, and we were three-quarters of an hour, flying in the dark, before we sighted the lights of Tobruk. The pilot made a wonderful landing in the dark, without any lights at all. Tobruk is a military camp; there are no civilians and no hotels; but the Italian Commandant and officers were most hospitable, handed over their rooms to us, and gave us of their best. On Wednesday, April 3, we left Tobruk at 7.30 a.m., following the African coast and arriving at Alexandria at 11.45 a.m.

At Alexandria, Sir Samuel Hoare and Major Bullock proceeded by R.A.F. machines to survey the route which we hope will be flown by Imperial Airways from Cairo to the Cape. The mails were then transferred to the De Havilland 66 machine, the *City of Jerusalem*, and we left Aboukir aerodrome, piloted by Captain D. Travers, at 3.50 p.m., flying over the Nile Delta with its wonderful green vegetation. We passed over Port Said at 5.20 p.m., and arrived at Gaza at 7 p.m. The pilot made an excellent landing in the dark. We left Gaza on Thursday, April 4, at 6.30 a.m., embarking four

A stop was made at Rutbah Wells, right in the middle of the desert; a wonderful place, this, with a fort akin to that in the film "Beau Geste." Here, thanks to the organisation of the Nairn Motor Company, which runs between Beyrout and Baghdad, you have the comforts of an hotel—including ice, which is very welcome.

We arrived at Baghdad at 12.30 p.m., and left at 1.30 p.m.; but, after flying for about half an hour, we received a signal that there was a very heavy sand-storm at Basra, with practically no visibility, and were told that it would be impossible to land. We had, reluctantly, to return to Baghdad. There we had dinner, with Mrs. Cleaver and her pilot, Captain Drew, of Imperial Airways, who had flown out from England in a Moth aeroplane, and were proceeding to India. We waited, hoping that the



A HISTORIC SOUVENIR OF THE FIRST AIR-MAIL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND INDIA: THE ENVELOPE OF A LETTER CARRIED OVER 5000 MILES IN SEVEN DAYS (ACTUAL SIZE, 6½ IN. WIDE BY 5½ IN. HIGH).

in the *City of Glasgow*, which was piloted by Captain S. Willcoxson. Major Bradley, the superintendent of the line, travelled with us. We had an excellent journey to Basle, with five hours' flying time, and a stop of one-and-a-half hours in Paris for lunch.

As following the air-route between Basle and Genoa would mean flying over the Alps in machines heavily laden with mail, and possibly encountering the dense clouds usual in this area, it has been decided not to risk possible delays in the services, and this portion of the journey is done by train during the night.

At Genoa we changed into a Short Calcutta flying-boat: this is the most comfortable machine on the route, having three engines of 500-h.p., and carries about seven hours' fuel. The pilot was Captain S. J. Stocks; and Captain B. C. Cross, the superintendent of the section between Genoa and Alexandria, also came with us. The coast-line from Genoa down to Naples is very fine. Passing Pisa, Spezia, and Leghorn, we landed at Ostia, the seaport of Rome, for lunch; and from there the dome of St. Peter's, Rome, was clearly visible, about fifteen miles away.

The Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius smoking, is a wonderful sight from the air; in fact, the only way to see this famous bay is from the air! We were entertained to dinner by one of the foremost pilots of the world, the Marquis de Pinedo. We left Naples on Monday, April 1, at 7 a.m., for Corfu, crossing the Calabrian Mountains, which were covered in snow. This part was somewhat "bumpy." Flying about 7000 feet up, we arrived at the beautiful Island of Corfu at 11.30 a.m. We left again at 3 p.m.

The snowy mountain-ranges of the Albanian coast looked very fine, and the Ionian Islands were most picturesque. We had a nice, favourable breeze in the Gulf of Corinth; passed over the Corinth Canal; and arrived at Phaleron Bay, the seaport of Athens, at 5.45 p.m. Here we dined with the British Minister, Sir Percy Loraine, and had the honour of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Venizelos. We left Athens at 10.45 a.m. on Tuesday, April 2, and, encountering a strongish wind against us, did not arrive in Suda Bay, Crète, until 1.45 p.m. Imperial Airways have stationed here a small twin-engine Diesel vessel, called the *Imperia*, for re-fuelling purposes; but, owing to a storm in the Mediterranean, she did not arrive, and, in consequence, we had a little delay. For that reason, we did not reach the African coast until just as it was getting dark. This coast is very low and flat, and most

passengers, one of whom was an elderly American lady who had never flown before, and had been touring Jerusalem; she was very pleased with her trip to Baghdad.

After leaving Gaza, we climbed to get over the Judean Hills, had a very good view of Jerusalem, crossed over the Dead Sea, and thus arrived in the Syrian Desert.



THE FIRST WOMAN TO FLY FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND: THE HON. EVE CHETWYND (LEFT), WITH LADY MAUDE HOARE (THE FIRST WOMAN TO FLY FROM ENGLAND TO INDIA) AT CROYDON JUST AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST INDIA-TO-ENGLAND AIR MAIL.

Miss Chetwynd, who had never flown before, accompanied her father, Lord Chetwynd, in the first India-to-England air mail, which reached Croydon on April 14. Lady Maude Hoare was there to welcome her husband, Sir Samuel Hoare, who had joined the other passengers in Egypt. She flew to India with him on a previous occasion, before the inauguration of the air mail service.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST INDIA-TO-LONDON AIR-MAIL AT CROYDON AERODROME ON APRIL 14: THE UNLOADING OF THE MAILS FROM AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS AEROPLANE.

weather would improve, but we did not find it was satisfactory until about 10 p.m. The pilot, however, decided that he would not wait until daylight, but would start at 1.30 a.m., and we arrived at Basra about 4 a.m. This was a very good flight, and reflects the greatest credit on the pilot, because although, in all probability, this section of the route will be flown by night, there will be some guiding lights. On this occasion there were no lights, and, unfortunately, there was no moon, save a mere crescent that rose when we landed at Basra. We had time for breakfast, and left at 6 a.m.

We passed over the mud-flats at the mouths of the Tigris and Euphrates, and over Abbadan, the big oil-refinery belonging to the Anglo-Persian Oil Company; the smell of the oil was very noticeable about 4000 feet up. We arrived at the first port on Persian territory, Bushire, at 8.45 a.m., and considerable formalities as regards passports, bills of lading, and quarantine regulations had to be complied with—as, incidentally, is the case at any other place where you land in Persia. We left Bushire at 9.40 a.m., and arrived at Lingah at 1.20 p.m. This part of the route is very dry, fairly mountainous, but with a certain number of places where you could land in emergency. Owing to news of a very severe sand-storm at Jask, our next landing-place, we stayed the night at Lingah, sleeping in the machine. It was most comfortable; and we were entertained to dinner by Mr. Richardson, the British Consul of Bunder Abbas, who was staying at Lingah. Here we found two Chinese who had been flying in a Moth from England to China; they had been waiting some weeks for a new magneto, and were very disappointed to find we had not brought it. They were distinctly lingering at Lingah! On April 6 we left Lingah at daybreak, having embarked a Persian officer responsible for the aerodromes in this part of the world. We passed over the Island of Kishim, where we got sight of two British sloops through a gap in the clouds; then flew across the head of the Persian Gulf, and over the Isthmus of Oman, and arrived at Jask at 7.45 a.m. Jask is the place at which several submarine cables land, and we were very well looked after by the telegraph superintendent, Mr. Janes. We left

(Continued on page 211.)

HAPPENINGS BY AIR, LAND, AND SEA: NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR.



THE FAMOUS AEROPLANE LOST FOR A FORTNIGHT IN THE WILDS OF AUSTRALIA AND RECENTLY FOUND: THE "SOUTHERN CROSS" IN FLIGHT.

The good news that the "Southern Cross" had been found was received by wireless on April 12. On March 30 the "Southern Cross" left Sydney on the first stage of a flight to England, with Capt. Kingsford-Smith, Mr. C. Ulm, Mr. Litchfield, and Mr. McWilliams. They made a forced landing in Northern Australia on March 31, and had since been missing.



BRITAIN'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN TUNNELLED: A HUGE PIPE-LINE CONNECTING AN UNDERGROUND WATERWAY THROUGH BEN NEVIS WITH AN ELECTRICAL POWER-HOUSE.

A gigantic engineering work, known as the Lochaber Water-Power Scheme, costing millions of pounds, is nearing completion at Fort William, in the Western Highlands, for the British Aluminium Company, to provide power for the manufacture of aluminium at a new factory. A fifteen-mile tunnel has been driven through Ben Nevis to carry water from Loch Tieg to Fort William. Our photograph shows the steel pipe line connecting this tunnel with the power-house. Near the foot of Ben Nevis a new town is arising on the historic battlefield of Inverlochy.



A JAPANESE WAR MEMORIAL TO CARRIER-PIGEONS: THE UNVEILING CEREMONY PERFORMED BY A GENERAL'S DAUGHTER.

"This photograph (writes the correspondent who sends it) shows the unveiling of a monument erected to commemorate dead carrier-pigeons, owned by the Japanese Army, various newspapers, and press agencies. The memorial stands at Nakano, a suburb of Tokyo. Miss Masako Fukushima, daughter of General Fukushima, is seen performing the unveiling ceremony."



A NEW YORK MILLIONAIRE'S YACHT RECENTLY FIRED AT BY A U.S. REVENUE CUTTER: MR. STUYVESANT FISH'S MOTOR-BOAT "RESTLESS."

Shortly after the sinking of the "I'm Alone," the motor-yacht "Restless," owned by Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, a well-known New York banker, was stopped and searched by U.S. Customs agents near the Statue of Liberty. "In complaining to the Treasury Department of the outrage (writes the "Times"), Mr. Fish said the yacht was brilliantly lighted, and it was impossible to mistake it for a rum-runner. Nevertheless, a revenue cutter fired twice across the yacht's bows." Men are said to have boarded the yacht pointing revolvers.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

POLITICS do not always provide the most entertaining material for reminiscences, for the reader who is not a politician, but in Irish politics there has always been "a certain liveliness." That element is strong, as might be expected, in "MEMOIRS OF AN OLD PARLIAMENTARIAN." By the Rt. Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Illustrated. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 2 Vols.; £2 2s. the set). It is impossible for "T.P." to be dull; he could not do it if he tried. Long practice has made him the prince of raconteurs about modern life as he has experienced it—political and otherwise—and about the people he has met, who are practically all the people that count. In emphasising his liveliness, I do not mean to suggest that he is never serious, or never touches on grave topics; far from it; but his touch is always vivid and dramatic, and always intensely interesting. As a chronicler of contemporary personalities, "T.P." is an institution; and in this enthralling record of his earlier career he is at the top of his form.

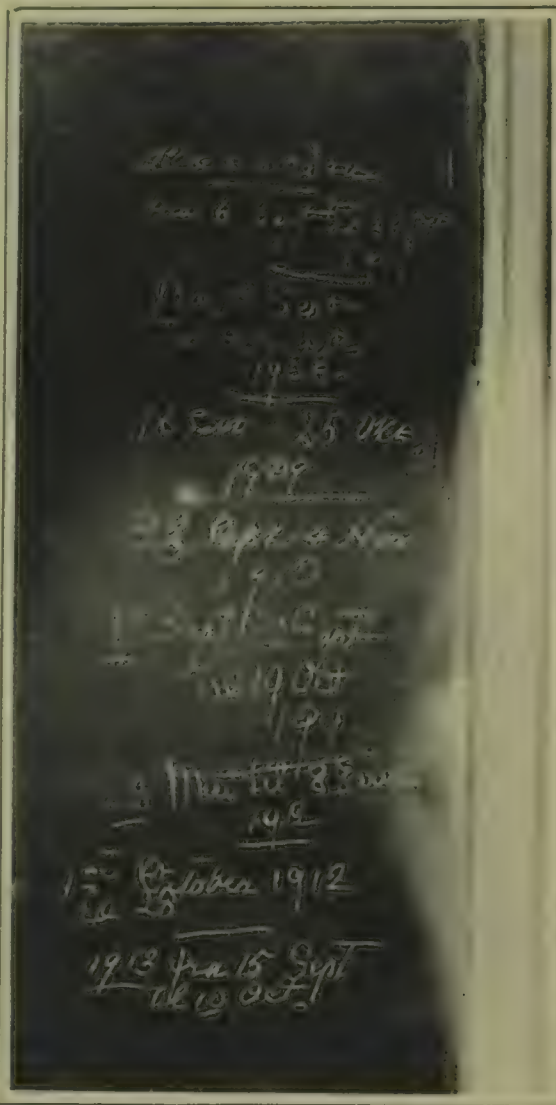
The present work covers roughly two decades, from his first arrival in London as a young journalist, to the death of Parnell in 1891. First elected M.P. in 1880, Mr. O'Connor has sat continuously ever since, and is now the Father of the House. His first ten years in Parliament, here described, were the most thrilling of the forty-eight, including as they did the historic fight for Home Rule. "T.P." was in the thick of it, as one of Parnell's henchmen, and he gives us wonderful pen portraits of all the Parliamentary protagonists of the time, including Gladstone, Chamberlain, Bright, Balfour, Labouchere, Bradlaugh, Forster, Harcourt, and Lord Randolph Churchill, as well as the Irish Nationalists themselves. The first volume ends with the fall of the Gladstone Ministry in 1885. The second is dominated by the tragic drama of Parnell.

There is a strong journalistic interest in both volumes, especially in the account of "T.P.'s" work on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his subsequent foundation of the *Star*. The book, in fact, makes one realise that "T.P." is a great journalist, as well as a distinguished Parliamentarian. Especially interesting are his early struggles to live by his pen. We hear of him living in a garret, being seven years out of a permanent job, earning £35 by writing a penny dreadful, and at one time feeling close to suicide. His first step on the ladder of success was taken somewhat after the ancient Roman manner—by an attack on a public man. The Romans did it as a rule in the Forum. "T.P." did it by a biography. The inception of this effort has an interesting association. "I resolved," he writes, "to try for the position of publisher's reader, and went to the late S. O. Beeton, husband of the woman who wrote the famous *Cookery Book*, and asked him for such work. He dissuaded me from the occupation, and made the counter-proposition that I should write a book. . . . I went to the Reading Room of the British Museum, little realising that I was about to start on a path that was to lift me from hunger and poverty and obscurity to a place in my profession." In the newspaper room of the Museum he discovered a gold mine for his purpose in back numbers of the *Bucks Gazette*, which gave "a perfect portrait of the young Disraeli" at the time of his first election. At the time when "T.P." began his task, Disraeli was Prime Minister, engaged in the greatest duel of his life—that with Gladstone over his Eastern policy. The task took three years, and was written under great difficulties. "The very manuscript paper became an item of expense," and much of the work was written on the blank side of quack medicine advertisements supplied by a friendly chemist. At last it was finished, and "Lord Beaconsfield. A Biography" appeared just before the great General Election of 1880. "My tremendous indictment of Disraeli," says "T.P.," "became the *vade mecum*, so to speak, of all the Liberal candidates, and my name rose from the obscurity and hopelessness of Grub Street to signify one of the literary forces of the time."

"T.P.'s" early efforts as a politician had a less conventional origin. In those days, "in Fleet Street the reporter had no club nor any other rendezvous except the public-house. . . . There were some places where mere drinking was accompanied by other forms of entertainment, and the chief of these were the public houses in which they had nightly debates. The most important were Cogers' Hall—an ancient

institution still existing—and the Green Dragon. Best of them all I remember the Green Dragon. It would require the pen of Balzac to draw portraits of the strange, hopeless, fallen creatures I used to meet almost nightly at these oratorical jousts. . . . The importance of these nights to me was that I got a hard training in speaking. The subject on which I spoke most often was Home Rule. . . . I spoke, I think, in nearly every tap-room in the East End, especially where the landlord was an Irishman."

This Bohemian training for politics stood T.P. in good stead when he entered Parliament as member for Galway. Describing his first impressions he says:



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S NAME ENGRAVED BY HER WITH A DIAMOND ON A WINDOW-PANE IN HER BEDROOM AT THE VILLA HVIDORE, NEAR COPENHAGEN, WITH DATES OF HER VISITS: AN INTERESTING RELIC AT THE SCENE OF THE RECENT SALE.

On page 654 in this number we illustrate some of the household effects of the late Dowager Empress of Russia and her sister, Queen Alexandra, at the Villa Hvidore, their jointly owned house near Copenhagen, which were recently sold by auction. The sale concluded on April 12. The above photograph shows part of a window-pane in Queen Alexandra's bedroom, upon which she had engraved her name with a diamond, and under it the dates of her arrival and departure on her various visits between 1907 and 1913.

"My awe of the House was immense . . . and yet the first appearances of a new House of Commons are by no means awe-inspiring. The immediate task is to swear the members in, and this is done in haphazard and almost riotous form. . . . In the House," he says, "good humour constantly lies in the wake of the fiercest passions. I have ventured to compare it to a boarding school of boys when it did not resemble even more a boarding school of girls. . . . The great masters of the House of Commons are those who realise this mutability and this infectiousness of crowd psychology and know how to play, as Gladstone could do so consummately, on its varying moods. . . . I have seen many great figures in my nearly half century of life in the House of Commons; but with all respect to the greatest amongst them, the House of Commons without Gladstone seems to me as great a contrast as a chamber illumined by a farthing dip when the electric light has failed."

In view of the recent outrage at Delhi, it is interesting to recall T.P.'s account of a similar occurrence at Westminster at the time of the dynamite outrages of 1881, though not during an actual sitting. "Two bombs were dropped in the Palace of Westminster; one was laid in the space immediately leading down to the crypt of the House of Commons. It had very widespread results, for all the vast window facing Westminster Hall was smashed in every pane, and there was also some destruction on the floor of the House itself, some of the seats having been bombed."

For most readers, I think, the paramount interest of Mr. O'Connor's Memoirs belongs to the story of Parnell; of his strange personality—at once repellent and appealing—of his triumph after the exposure of the Pigott forgery, and, above all, of his disastrous love affair and its tragic consequences. T.P. tells the story with full candour and infinite sympathy. It is impossible to convey in a few words the profound human interest that informs this part of his book. Parnell's flashes of humour are very refreshing, as when he justified his allusion to Gladstone as "the grand old spider." But what, perhaps, is most endearing about him is the love of animals expressed on his death-bed. When Mrs. Parnell wanted to send the dogs out of the room, he opened his eyes and said: "Not Grouse; let old Grouse stay; I like him there."

I leave T.P.'s delightful volumes with great reluctance, omitting much that I should like to say; but space presses, and I must pass on. I can only hope that he will draw further on his stores of memory in subsequent books. As the present work contains many virulent remarks made by Parnell about the first Governor-General of the Irish Free State in his early days, it will be only fair for readers to hear both sides by consulting "LETTERS AND LEADERS OF MY DAY." By Tim Healy, K.C. Illustrated (Thorn-ton Butterworth; 2 Vols.; 42s.). Mr. Healy's book, in fact, makes innumerable points of contact with Mr. O'Connor's memoirs throughout the first volume and in part of the second, where the death of Parnell ends the second chapter. The rest of Mr. Healy's second volume carries the tale of events to Dec. 6, 1922, when he writes: "I was sworn in as Governor-General of the Irish Free State at my home in Glenaulin, Chapelizod, by Lord Chief Justice Molony." The two books should be read in conjunction by everyone who wishes to understand Irish history during the last sixty years.

Mr. Healy's attitude towards the O'Shea affair is indicated by his comment on a letter from Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea which she published in her book twenty-three years after Parnell's death. "Thus the leader of a movement mightier than O'Connell's proposed to forsake his comrades in the most critical hour, and abandon at a woman's whim Ireland's 'magnificent and awful cause.'" Writing in 1890, Mr. Healy says: "At one moment I pity Parnell; at another, when I hear of his determination to wreck everything, I loathe his conduct." An echo of the mutual recriminations at that time dates from the same year: "Seeing that Parnell's calling me a 'dirty little scoundrel' was omitted from the Sunday papers, I went to the Press Association and insisted on its being printed to-morrow." It is pleasant to recall, however, that the last meeting between the two men was in a different spirit. "We shook hands, and so parted for ever." Mr. Healy's book provides an invaluable storehouse of information for students of modern Irish history.

Biography of a different type, the self-story of an old sailor who for thirty years knocked about the South Seas, is represented by "JOHN CAMERON'S ODYSSEY." Transcribed by Andrew Farrell. Drawings by Charles Kuhn (Macmillan; 18s.). John Cameron, who died in Japan in 1925, spins a yarn of bygone seafaring which claims a place alongside the books of Herman Melville. In another vein of autobiography is "SNAPSHOTS ON LIFE'S HIGHWAY." By Maude Speed. Illustrated with sketches by Lancelot Speed and the Author (Longmans; 10s. 6d.). This pleasant little volume of essays is concerned a good deal with the Isle of Wight, of which it has some charming water-colours, and the author tells how,

[Continued on page 684]

The Master-Jeweller's Art of To-Day: Gems of Craftsmanship.



On the left (from top downward) are—a brooch formed as a basket of diamonds with fruit in sapphires, onyx, emeralds, and rubies (Mauboussin); a pendant of sapphires and diamonds on a crystal ground (G. Fouquet); and a brooch in jade, onyx, lapis, and diamonds (Lacloche). In the centre is an ornament for a dress representing a mask in enamel, onyx, and diamonds, with suspended strings of jade

beads (Georges Fouquet). On the right (from the top downward) are—a brooch of amethyst, emerald, amber, pearls, and diamonds (Linzeler and Marchak); a sapphire pendant on a crystal background (G. Fouquet); and a brooch in platinum, enamel, and diamonds by Raymond Templier (P. Templier). Below is a flexible bracelet of lapis incrustated with enamel, with buckles of jade, sapphires, and diamonds (Boucheron).

The Master-Jeweller's Art of To-Day: Gems of Craftsmanship.



On the left at the top is a pendant in coral and onyx, adorned with a 36-carat diamond (Dusausoy). Below it is a brooch with a bird in diamonds edged with black enamel and encircled with emeralds (Aucoc). In the centre at the top is a pendant of inlaid work consisting of a yellow diamond, amethysts, and diamonds (Chaumet), and below it is a pendant with a large emerald mounted on onyx

(Georges Fouquet). On the right at the top is a pendant in onyx, jasper, and diamonds, mounted on platinum, designed by Gerard Sandoz (G. R. Sandoz). Below it is a brooch in the form of a tortoise in diamonds, onyx, and emeralds (Mauboussin). Across the foot of the page is a bracelet in jade, circled with enamel and adorned with cabochons of lapis.

The Master-Jeweller's Art of To-Day: Gems of Craftsmanship.



Marquise, round, and baguette stones trace the intricate pattern of this slender bracelet, executed in diamonds.



A new bouquet brooch uses carved rubies, sapphires, and emeralds for its floral centre and diamonds for its leaves and stems.



To adorn hat or gown, according to the mood, this little brooch of emerald, sapphires, rubies and diamonds.



A large brooch, unusual in design, shaped like a vase, and formed of a large emerald with baguette and round diamonds.



Pendant: big engraved emerald surrounded with emerald cabochons and diamond jewellery. Necklace of small emeralds and diamond motives.



A flexible bracelet set in diamonds, centres its design around three emerald cabochons of remarkable lustre and colour.



The scene illustrated
is the old George Inn
at Huntingdon.

THE finest conceptions of craftsmanship, of line and of colour are embodied in every Morris Coupe. The skill of the artisan and his pride in his work are reflected in every curve of the commodious body and in every mechanical detail—beautiful to see. No other car gives such elegance, such dependability and such performance at so low a cost.

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BUY BRITISH AND BE PROUD OF IT

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE MAHARAJ - RANA OF JHALAWAR.

A Ruling Prince of India known for his scholarship and familiar to the scientific, artistic, and educational worlds of the West. Born, 1874; died, April 13.



MR. J. WALTER RUSSELL.

Hon. Secretary of the City of London Chess Club for 35 years. Has received a presentation in commemoration of his eightieth birthday. A most popular chess personality.



LT.-COL. E. F. STRANGE.

C.B.E. Formerly Keeper of Woodwork, Victoria and Albert Museum. Contributor to this paper. An authority on etchings, engravings, and Japanese prints. Died, April 14, aged sixty-six.



THE SECOND EARL OF NORTHBROOK.

An agriculturist and a notable stock-breeder. Formerly M.P. for Winchester and for North Bedford. Died on April 12, at the age of seventy-eight.



THE THIRD BARON MOSTYN.

President of the Flintshire Conservative Association for fifty years. Bore the Royal Standard of Wales at the Coronation of King George. Died, April 11, aged seventy-three.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ON THE WAY TO INTRODUCE THE BUDGET: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL WALKING TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
(Continued opposite.)

FROM DOWNING STREET, ACCOMPANIED BY MRS. CHURCHILL, HIS SON, RANDOLPH, AND HIS SECOND DAUGHTER, SARAH.



GENERAL CHARLES G. DAWES.

Appointed American Ambassador to this country. Until recently, Vice-President of the United States. Maker of the Dawes Plan for the settlement of German reparations. Financier, lawyer, philanthropist, engineer, soldier in France, and for long a servant of the State. Born, August 27, 1865.



ON HIS WAY TO PRESENT THE INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER TO THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (RIGHT) ABOUT TO PLAY POLO AT CAIRO.



MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

The great novelist of India. Born, April 2, 1847; died, April 12. Had just brought out her latest novel, "The Curse of Eve." Among her best-known works were "On the Face of the Waters"—and that famous "household" book, "The Complete Indian Cook and Housekeeper."

PROVING A LOST EXPLORER'S FATE: COMMANDER DYOTT'S GREAT QUEST FOR COLONEL FAWCETT IN BRAZIL.



1. THE LAST RIVER CROSSED BY COL. FAWCETT, IN 1925, ON HIS ATTEMPT TO PENETRATE THE LAND OF MYSTERY: THE KULUENE RIVER.



2. ALLOQUE, THE ANAQUA CHIEF, WHO SAID COL. FAWCETT HAD BEEN MURDERED, AND IN WHOSE HOUSE ONE OF HIS TRUNKS WAS FOUND.



3. YOUNG BRAZIL: A SON OF THE CHIEF MARIKOWA, HEAD OF THE FRIENDLY JURUNA INDIANS.



4. BRAZILIAN FLORA: A LARGE YELLOW BLOSSOM, 6 IN. HIGH FROM THE BASE OF THE CUP, GROWING ON A LEAFLESS SHRUB.



5. A RIVER WARRIOR: MARIKOWA'S BROTHER, WEARING A KNIFE GIVEN TO HIM FOR HELPING COMMANDER DYOTT'S PARTY.



6. TRAILING COL. FAWCETT DOWN THE KULUENE RIVER: MEMBERS OF COMMANDER DYOTT'S PARTY IN BARK CANOES, MADE FROM LOCAL TREES, AND CANVAS BOATS.



7. INTERVIEWING A JUNGLE DIPLOMAT: COMMANDER DYOTT HOLDING A CONFERENCE WITH KAMAIIURA INDIANS, A WEEK BEFORE MAKING A MIDNIGHT FLIGHT DOWN STREAM FROM HOSTILE NATIVES.



8. COLONEL FAWCETT'S LAST CAMP ON THE BANKS OF THE KULUENE RIVER: SAM MARTIN (OF THE DYOTT PARTY) EXAMINING THE VERY SPOT WHERE COL. FAWCETT HAD HIS FIRE, WITH A KETTLE-POST STILL REMAINING IN THE GROUND AFTER THREE YEARS.



9. SOME OF COMMANDER DYOTT'S 67 BAGGAGE BULLOCKS, FOLLOWED BY TWO MEN, SWIMMING ACROSS THE PARANATINGA RIVER.



10. WHERE SOME OF THE BULLOCKS BUCKED THEIR CARGO INTO THE STREAM: PACK-ANIMALS, CARRYING LOADS OF 120 LB. EACH, FORDING THE SAO MANOEL RIVER.

Commander C. M. Dyott took these photographs during his great expedition, last year, in search of the lost British explorer, Col. P. H. Fawcett, who, with his son and Mr. Raleigh V. Rimell, mysteriously disappeared in May, 1925, while seeking a lost city in the heart of Brazil. The relief party included also Samuel K. Martin, J. J. Whitehead, Bill de Mello, Jerry Martin, and five *camaradas*, or local helpers, of mixed blood. "Our object," says Commander Dyott, "was to track Col. Fawcett's party into central Brazil and ascertain their fate. We found that they had been killed by Indians five days after crossing the Kuluene River, the motive being hostility to the stranger and robbery of his possessions. Our itinerary was from Rio de Janeiro to the Paraguay River; up river to Cuyaba; by motor-car for 200 miles; by mule and bullock 500 miles to the Kuluene River; and down river 1000 miles by canoe, with many side excursions. We came out at the mouth of the Amazon, after a total journey of 4200 miles." Commander Dyott is to lecture on his journey before the Royal Geographical Society, on April 22. In notes on the photographs he says: (1) "It was five days after crossing this river eastward that, as the Anaqua

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIONS BY COMMANDER

Indian chief Alloque, told us, the three white men had been murdered by Suya Indians. (2) It afterwards transpired that Alloque knew full details of the tragedy, although, at first, he professed entire ignorance. We found one of Fawcett's trunks in Alloque's house. Alloque never would face the camera, and this picture of him wearing a hat I gave him was taken unknown to him. (3) The Juruna Indians proved friendly, and were at war with the Anaqua Indians. They helped us through many rapids when our men were too sick with fever to work. (4) These large yellow blossoms, 6 in. high, grew on shrubs 10 ft. tall. Although a mass of flowers, they bore no leaves or signs of green. (5) A brother of Marikowa, wearing a knife we gave him for his faithful service to our party in helping us through rapids. Their only ornaments consist of necklaces of palm seeds and belts of palm fibre; also ligatures on the arms of the same material. (6) Down the Kuluene River we travelled in bark canoes made from local trees; also in four canvas boats which we had brought from New York. (7) Camped in the middle of a huge sandbar at the confluence of the Kuluene and Kuluene, our party were besieged by Indians from many tribes, who finally became so hostile that we had to escape during the hours of darkness. (8) The Anaqua village was four miles from this spot, and it was there that we found Fawcett's trunk and other parts of his equipment. (9) The Dyott party had to cross many rivers. The largest, the Paranatinga, was too deep to ford. Our sixty-seven bullocks had to swim across; likewise our twelve mules; then all the baggage was ferried over in a rickety canoe. (10) After sending our motor-cars back to Cuyaba, our first obstacle was the Sao Mancel River. Some of the bullocks bucked the cargoes off their backs into the stream. We lost a good deal of food in this way at the very outset. Our only food on our eight months' jungle search consisted of rice, beans, and dry meat."

GEORGE M. DYOTT, LEADER OF THE RELIEF EXPEDITION.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

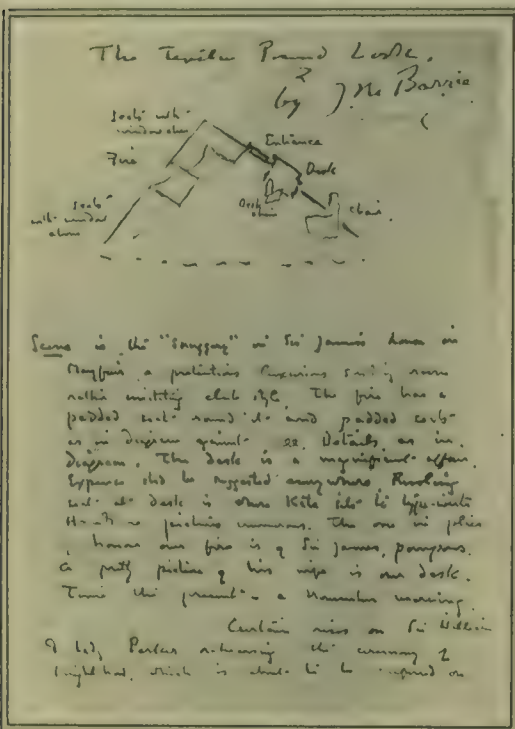


FINED ONE RUPEE (1s. 6d.) FOR HIS PART IN A CLOTH-BURNING INCIDENT: MAHATMA GANDHI (WEARING SPECTACLES) LEAVING A CALCUTTA POLICE-COURT. Mahatma Gandhi was arrested in Calcutta on March 4, at a demonstration in Mirzapur Park, where he was advocating a boycott of foreign cloth, for having a bonfire of cloth lit in defiance of a police order. The police put out the fire amid much excitement, and missiles were thrown. Mr. Gandhi was arrested, but released on bail. Later he was fined one rupee (1s. 6d.).



A CURIOUS OLD CUSTOM AT EISENACH: BURNING A STRAW FIGURE REPRESENTING WINTER AT A FESTIVAL OF SUMMER.

At the picturesque old town of Eisenach, in Germany, there is held every year a traditional Feast of the Victory of Summer, during which a straw figure representing Winter is burnt in the street. Our photograph shows the scene. Luther was a schoolboy at Eisenach in 1498, and in 1521-2 translated the Bible at the neighbouring castle of Wartburg. Bach was born at Eisenach in 1685.



ONE OF SIR JAMES BARRIE'S GIFTS TO CHARITY: THE MS. OF "THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK."

Sir James Barrie recently presented the manuscript of his play, "The Twelve-Pound Look," to be auctioned for the Newspaper Press Fund. He has also presented the rights in "Peter Pan" to the Hospital for Sick Children.



A QUEEN ANNE "DIGONALL," OR SIGNPOST BAROMETER, BY JOHN PATRICK, IN THE OLD BAILEY.

This remarkable old barometer is included in a sale to be held at Puttick and Simpson's on April 26. The maker's name is recorded in F. J. Britten's "Old Clocks and Watches and Their Makers," 1712. The contemporary frame is of black and gold lacquer.



A REPLICA OF DRAKE'S DRUM PRESENTED TO THE NEW CRUISER, "DEVONSHIRE": LORD MILDMAI SPEAKING.

The Lord Lieutenant of Devon, Lord Mildmay of Flete, is here seen reading his speech at the presentation of a replica of Drake's historic drum to the new cruiser H.M.S. "Devonshire." The ceremony took place on board the ship. The drum was removed from the former "Devonshire."



BRITISH INDUSTRIAL DELEGATES TO SOVIET RUSSIA ENTERTAINED BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN MOSCOW: A GROUP AFTER A BANQUET.

The members of the British Industrial Delegation to Soviet Russia, organised by the Anglo-Russian Committee, recently spent a busy week in Moscow. They inspected various industrial establishments, and held discussions with the Commissariats of Trade and Finance. One party of delegates, including Sir Joseph Isherwood, afterwards visited Leningrad and Kronstadt. It was understood that the prospects of Anglo-Russian trade on a large scale depended on the resumption of diplomatic relations.



THE JAPANESE WOMAN'S ENTRY INTO PUBLIC LIFE: MEMBERS OF WOMEN'S ORGANISATIONS TAKING PART IN MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS IN TOKYO.

Japanese women are now taking an active interest in public affairs, as is evident from this interesting photograph, which was taken some weeks ago during a municipal election campaign in Tokyo. It shows typical members of various organisations of women whose object is said to be to reform certain abuses in the administration. One of the women is seen addressing an open-air meeting.

For Their Majesties' Courts and the Opera.



Brocade, crêpe-de-Chine, and satin are the favoured materials for the season's evening shoes. These are from Mansfield's, of 170, Regent Street, W. The centre pair are of a most unusual peacock-coloured brocade, collared with gold kid. Crêpe-de-Chine, dyed the exact colour of the frock, is very smart, such as the fashionable yellows and blues.

This beautiful Court dress, designed by Reville's, of Hanover Square, W., is of parchment-coloured lamé, interwoven with gold and silver thread. The shoulder straps and arm draperies are of peacock-tinted and silver beads. The magnificent train is of pink moiré brocaded in a gold palm-leaf design, embroidered with crystal and multi-coloured cabochons. It is hemmed with gold lace and lined with silver.



A group of the latest evening bags from J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, W. In the centre is a real hand-worked tapestry bag in an original design. On the left and right are two of the new metal wire embroidery bags in beautiful colourings—one with a design in beads inset, and the other with a centre of real petit-point. Behind, on the left, is a white crêpe-de-Chine bag decorated with black and blue silk thread, and opposite a black antelope with an inlaid mother-o'-pearl motif. The fascinating "Lucky Bean" bag is brocade.



Very unusual and striking are the colourings of this graceful Louise Boulanger frock, a mingling of orange, coral, and jade on a fawn-white background. The dress is decorated in front with a cluster of flowers at the waist in the same colourings, and is also completed with its own jewellery, necklace, and bracelet of orange and black beads, diamanté and crystal. At Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore St., W.

BEAUTIFUL JEWELS WHICH ARE TRIUMPHS



Above is a magnificent diamond necklace and pendant, the latter adaptable to the form of a brooch, while the necklet unhooked to make six bracelets. From Mappin and Webb, whose chief salons are 135, Oxford Street, W.

Flawless necklaces of perfectly matched pearls are chosen from a huge bunch such as that on the right, a well-known speciality of Ogden of Harrogate, 42, Duke Street, S.W.

Below are rings of most unusual design, in emeralds, diamonds, and platinum, from Wilson and Gill, 150, Regent Street, W. The oval-shaped brooch in the centre is entirely of diamonds and platinum.



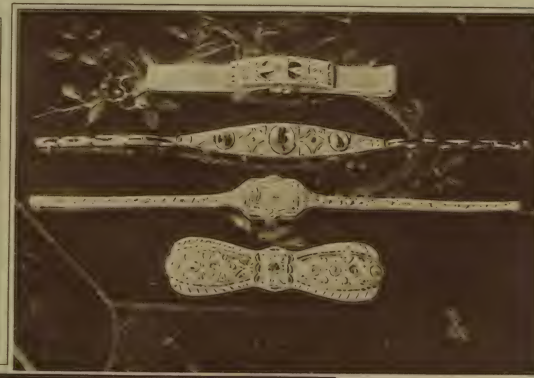
Three perfect examples of the latest designs in jewelry are the beautiful pearl sash and the bracelet and brooch above, from 'The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W. The bracelet and brooch are of diamonds mounted on platinum.



THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE TWO PAGES HAVE BEEN SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BERTHEA PARK.

OF EXPERT MODERN CRAFTSMANSHIP.

A new design in bracelets, smaller and designed rather like a wrist-watch, is included in the group on the right, from J. C. Vickery, 145, Regent Street, W. At the top are two diamond and sapphire bracelets; next, a diamond and platinum watch; and below a striking diamond and sapphire brooch.



Very bold in design and perfect in detail is the striking shoulder-brooch below, which is quite the latest vogue. It is a crystal fibula brooch, enriched with diamonds and cabochon emeralds. From Mauboussin, of Atkinson House, Old Bond St., W.



Diamonds and onyx, mounted on mother-of-pearl and platinum, express the magnificent bracelet above, worn with a large engraved emerald ring, mounted with small brilliants, baguettes, and rubies. From Mauboussin, who is celebrated in Paris.

Diamonds of unusual shapes and sizes, worked in the newest manner and perfectly designed, have inspired the bracelets and brooch on the right, creations of the well-known William Ogden, of 4, King Street, S.W.



SPORT OF THE SEASON.

(Continued from Page 659.)

which must always agitate our minds, and is certainly doing so at the moment. Last season was ideal, and the often sorely-tried polo managers of our London grounds—Hurlingham (and Worcester Park, that useful auxiliary), Ranelagh, and Roehampton—had their anxieties greatly lessened by the seasonable behaviour of our old and most welcome friend Phœbus Apollo. There was not a single fixture seriously held up by the weather. It is not always thus. The Championship has ere now had to be played in drenching rain, and on a ground which quickly became a colourable imitation of a ploughed field—and all other fixtures have been much deranged. Dare we hope that Season 1929 is going to be as well favoured as was that of 1928? A hard winter, so the weather-wise assure us, is usually followed by a hot and glorious summer; but so fickle is our climate that we scarcely dare to believe that it is going to behave itself from one day to another. We can but hope for the best, even if we fear the worst!

It is all the more desirable that we should have good polo weather this season, with the possibility of an expedition to America in 1930 in quest of the International Polo Cup looming on the horizon. Our friends the enemy fully expect us to challenge; but nothing definite has yet emerged as to this on our side, and probably no decision will be come to at present, or until it is seen how things are going to shape. Given fine weather, the programme of events will afford us (and included in that word is the public at large, for Hurlingham opens its gates to the non-member every Saturday) as much entertainment as ever, and more than the usual amount of it if an international team is to be constructed. The general public will, of course, be more interested in this regard than it is in the ordinary programme tournaments.

The season opens in London on May 1, and the preliminary operations are more in the nature of "knock-ups," to give people a chance of doing what is called "getting their eye in," and making the more intimate acquaintanceship of any new ponies they may have. Lists of dates always make rather dull reading, but, as it is necessary in a note like this to include them, I am afraid it is inevitable to run through them as shortly as may be. Provisional dates have already been allotted by Lieut.-Col. T. H. S. Marchant, the Hurlingham Club's polo manager, for all the principal events, a start being made with the Spring

(Continued in Column 3.)

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

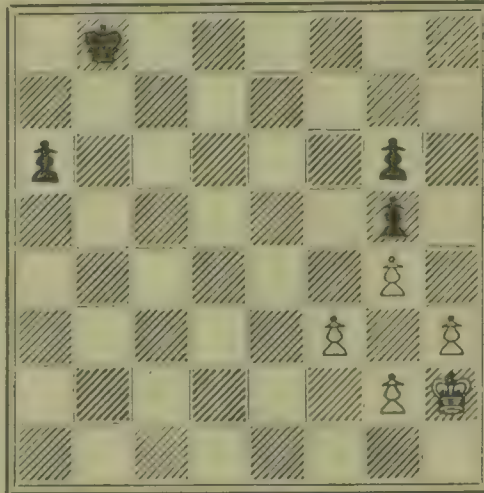
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresh House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XX.

[r3stqk; p3Pipr; 1pb4B; 2p2Q2; 2p5; 3B4; P4PPP; 4RrKr—White mates in six.]
1. B×Pch, Kt×B (best); 2. QR3ch, KtR4; 3. Q×Ktch, KKt2;
4. QKt6ch, KRr; 5. QR6ch, QR2; 6. Q×Q mate.
If 1. — Q×B, 2. QB8ch, etc.; and if 1. — K×B, 2. QKt6, etc.

GAME PROBLEM No. XXII.

BLACK (4 pieces).



WHITE (5 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 1k6; 8; p5pr; 6pr; 6Pr; 5PrP; 6PK; 8.]
White to play, and draw in five moves.

We heard James Mortimer solemnly asseverate that this position occurred in an actual game; but then Mr. Mortimer, in addition to being a skilful diplomat, a successful playwright, and a formidable chess-master, was a considerable wag; so perhaps it is better to leave it at that. Whether it be authentic or "fake," our solvers will find it an amusing negation of the proverb of the stable door and the stolen steed.

ENGLAND VERSUS THE WORLD.

As we predicted, our players got some excellent practice at Ramsgate, but very little else, and if the habitable globe had been able to call upon Alekhin, Bogoljubow, Lasker, Sämisch, and a few others of equal strength, we doubt if England would have won a game. Fifty years ago, the Continental masters would probably have conceded pawn and move. The sensation of the Congress was the brilliant success of Miss Vera Menchik; who, in finishing equal to Rubinstein and half a point behind Capablanca, startled even her warmest admirers. The English players improved towards the finish, which is encouraging.

Handicap tournament (May 1-11), followed by the Weekly Cup opening tournament (May 13-18).

As usual, the tournament for the Cicero Challenge Cup given by the Earl of Rosebery, and named after his famous 1905 Derby winner, will be played most appropriately during Derby week (June 3-8). The tournament for the Champion Cup will be contested between June 24 and 29; and during that week the Guest Challenge Cup tournament will begin. This event is only open to teams competing in the current season's Champion Cup tournament, and is played under handicap. It will be continued the following week, finishing on July 6. The semi-finals and final of the Inter-Regimental tournament will also be played during the first week in July. The holders are the 17th-21st Lancers—the Gunners having intervened the previous year to disturb the long run of the 17th and 17th-21st Lancer successes. The second contest for the Prince of Wales's Empire Cup will take place during the week beginning July 8; and the inter-University match between Oxford and Cambridge is fixed for Thursday, July 11. Cambridge now have a lead of four victories, having won twenty-four of the forty-four matches played to date.

The joint Hurlingham and Roehampton Whitney Cup tournament will last for a fortnight (May 13-25), with the final at Roehampton. Hurlingham Polo League matches will be played throughout the season, and the dates selected for other events are: Tyro Challenge Cup, July 8-13; Social Clubs' Cup, July 15-20; Polo Pony Show, June 14; and Villavieja Century Challenge Cup match, July 20. Whit Monday is always a field day at Hurlingham, when the club is opened to the gate-money public, and two good matches are always arranged. This year the special matches will be between a team called "India" and Hurlingham, and the Army v. Hurlingham.

An interesting novelty in the Hurlingham Club's polo programme will be the first contest for a challenge cup presented by Mr. Stephen Sanford, the American sponsor of the well-known Hurricanes team, the 1927 and 1928 Champion Cup winners. This new tournament, which will be for teams totalling not more than twenty-four points, and not less than eighteen points, is to be played during Ascot week (June 17-22). It is regrettable that no British Army team could be arranged to go to America for the Inter-Army Cup; but the Army Polo Association has decided that it is not possible this year, and so there we must leave it, and hope for better things.

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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

(Continued from Page 672.)

"Tempest." The house was packed, and, as we could not charge for admission, we placed circulars on the seats asking for a silver collection to defray the expenses—£5 all told, including light. (Those were blessed days!) The collection—I remember it well—yielded six shillings and eightpence—for the majority of the audience were Russian refugees, full of enthusiasm, but "as poor as rats." Anyway, it was enough for a lawyer's letter, had the authorities attacked us for our prowess; but nothing happened in that way, and so the ice was broken, and ever since that memorable evening, much discussed in the Press, "the Sunday opening" has gone on openly yet surreptitiously—which is an Irish way of describing in a few words how things are managed.

At last, however, the time has come to take more drastic steps, and to deal with the anomaly which officially bars the theatre on Sundays, yet allows the kinema to flourish on condition that a pittance is given to charities, and which, on similar terms, throws the gates of the music-halls wide open with programmes in nowise different from the ordinary variety fare. Mr. Walter Payne, the chairman of the West End Managers' Association, has, in an open letter, stated the case comprehensively, moderately, cogently; and as at last the whole of the profession has rallied round him in serried ranks, it seems inevitable that something will have to be done to remedy a state of things which borders on *opéra-comique* and is as absurd as the legislation which forbids a drink after ten p.m. in New Oxford Street and tolerates it across the road in another public-house.

Of course, the Lord's Day Observance Act has still many adherents, and many religious people may look upon Sunday opening as profane. But surely they are a minority, as can be best proved by the enormous patronage of the kinema. Can it be said of these pleasure-seekers that they are not religious, that they do not go to church, that they are wilfully transgressing—or do they merely seek an opportunity to wind up the day of leisure in a pleasant way? The answer is obvious. Nowhere in the world, even in the most devout Catholic countries, is pleasure denied to the masses on Sunday; on the contrary, it is encouraged, and rightly so, because Sunday is the only day on which the worker can enjoy himself with his family; on week-days work and fatigue after it

impel myriads to stay at home and never to have a glimpse of the wholesome joy of living.

Nor should it be argued that the actor, like anybody else, has the right to a day of leisure—nobody wants to deprive him of it. For, very wisely, the advocates in favour of Sunday opening suggest that theatres should remain closed on the Monday, which is generally the sterile day of the box-office. Nor need it be feared that managers would take advantage of Sunday opening by exacting seven days' work for six days' pay. That is easily obviated by a clause in the contract, and is really a matter of secondary importance, since many actors, under the prevailing circumstances, are not only willing but eager to play on Sundays for a mere *douceur* or for nothing, because the voluntary extra work may, in a good part, mean an advance in their career.

No, for the life of me I cannot see a single argument for clinging to a time-worn, obsolete, and absurd prohibition. In fact, I believe that Sunday opening will be a "boon and a blessing" to the many who go to the kinema *faute de mieux* and would hail the "open sesame" of the theatres, especially if the managers were wise in time, and, following the Continental example, would allow the masses to see at *reduced prices* the spectacles which on week-days are beyond the power of their purses.

FIGHTS AND FLIGHTS OF THE HUMMING BIRD.

(Continued from Page 666.)

When pictures of the humming birds are to be made, a small perch is fastened in the vines wherever the light is best—fortunately for the photographer the hummers are great sun-lovers—and a bottle is placed close by. All the other bottles are temporarily removed in order to force the birds to the desired spot. Diaphragm and shutter are made ready, and the photographer waits, and seldom has to wait long, for a pleasing pose. The perch is indispensable, for the birds love to rest between their long draughts.

The game of attracting the humming birds has proved a most rewarding one, and the attempt to catch these diminutive creatures with lens and shutter on a photographic plate is an alluring pastime. Pope says—

Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a humming bird.

The writer, indifferent to the implication, is thankful for many joyful hours she has had because of this awakening.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from Page 670.)

as a girl, she was once caught trespassing by Tennyson. Her chapter on "Schools of the Past" forms a connecting link to two books of scholastic interest. One of them is "THE SCHOOL DRAMA IN ENGLAND." By T. H. Vail Motter. Illustrated (Longmans; 15s.). It treats of the growth of drama as an aid to education at the great public schools. Two examples at once called to mind are the Westminster Play and the classical theatre at Bradfield; but, as the author shows, there are many others. It reminds me of my appearance as a white-bearded ancient Greek in the chorus of "Alcestis" at Uppingham. With Mr. Motter's valuable study may be bracketed "AN ANTHOLOGY OF SCHOOL." Being a Selection of English Poems on School, Schoolboys, and Schoolmasters. Chosen and Edited with Notes and Introduction by C. S. Holder (Lane; 7s. 6d.)—a book sure to be popular.

I must mention briefly several other attractive books which will merit fuller treatment. To the literature of eighteenth-century politics and diplomacy a highly important addition is "THE LIFE OF SIR CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS. POET, WIT, AND DIPLOMATIST." By the Earl of Ilchester and Mrs. Langford-Brooke. (Thornton Butterworth; 21s.). This volume is of special value for the new light it throws on Catherine the Great of Russia in letters exchanged between her and Sir Charles. To a later period, 1785 to 1871, belongs the story of a Teutonic gentleman who cut a very considerable figure in English and European society of his day, told in "THE TEMPESTUOUS PRINCE. HERMANN PUCKLER-MUSKAU." By E. M. Butler. Illustrated (Longmans Green and Co.; 12s. 6d.).

Finally, in the realm of science, the famous Indian physiologist who has, as it were, revealed the soul of the vegetable world, adds to his revelation in "THE MOTOR MECHANISM OF PLANTS." By Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose. With 242 Illustrations (Longmans; 21s.). The author describes a series of wonderful experiments in which, by means of delicately sensitised instruments, the motor mechanism of plants is compared with that of animals. Highly technical as it is, the book is hardly one for the general reader, but scientific minds will find it fascinating. C. E. B.

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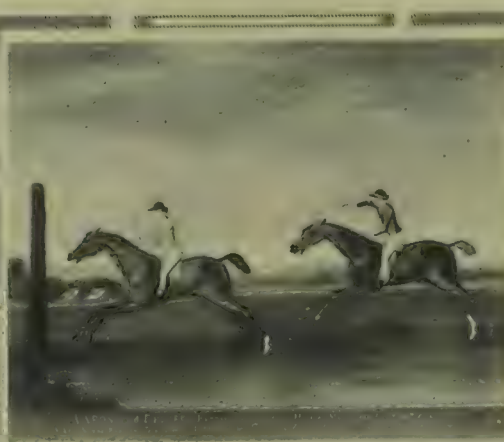
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"GEORGE THE THIRD'S COACH," BY J. CORDERY, 1804: AN INTERESTING RECORD OF ROYAL TRAVEL AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



"NEWMARKET," BY J. CORNISH: A RACE-MEETING ON THE FAMOUS HEATH IN BYGONE DAYS—THE SCENE AT THE FINISH OF AN EVENT.



COURSING IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY: A PRINT BY T. WEAVER DATED 1818, SHOWING JEREMIAH WHITEHEAD, MR. CAWLISHAM, AND MR. YATES.



ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD IN THE OLD COACHING DAYS: "THE BRIGHTON AND LONDON ROYAL MAIL," BY W. J. SHAYER.



DESCRIBED AS "THE MALCOLM ARABIAN, PROPERTY OF GEORGE IV." A PICTURE BY BEN MARSHALL, THE FAMOUS SPORTING ARTIST.

THE WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS IN 1832: "ARCHIBALD," BY J. F. HERRING, PAINTED IN THAT YEAR.



The popularity of art depicting the sport of bygone days remains as constant as ever. These interesting examples are to be seen in the Exhibition of Fine Old Sporting Pictures and Prints, at the Ackermann Galleries, 157, New Bond Street, on view until the end of May. Of the artists here represented the best-known are John F. Herring and Benjamin Marshall. Herring (1795 to 1865) was at

one time a stage coachman, and for four years drove the "York and London High-flyer." For thirty-three successive years he painted winners of the St. Leger. Later he came to London, where his art became very popular, and he exhibited for years at the Academy. Ben Marshall (1767-1835), who practised in London and Newmarket, exhibited at the Academy occasionally between 1800 and 1819.

THE WORLD'S TREASURE-HOUSE OF ART:
LONDON THE CENTRE FOR CONNOISSEURS.



A VAN DYCK PORTRAIT: "MONSIEUR JACQUES LE ROY, PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AT BRABANT," AN EXAMPLE OF THE ARTIST'S PRE-ENGLISH PERIOD. (46 BY 39 INCHES.)

This portrait is one of the most important of some thirty pictures which are to be offered for sale at Christie's, on May 3, on behalf of the Rt. Hon. Lord Brownlow. The sitter was M. Jacques Le Roy, President of the Chamber of Commerce at Brabant, and the portrait is said to have been painted by Van Dyck "previously to the artist's arrival in England." Sir Anthony van Dyck, it may be recalled, was born at Antwerp in 1599, and from 1615 to 1620 was a pupil of Rubens. He first visited England in 1621, and worked for James I., but returned to Antwerp the following year. In 1630, having meanwhile

become famous as a painter both of portraits and historical subjects, he again came to London, but, not receiving the royal encouragement he had been led to expect, went back to Antwerp. Later, Charles I. saw one of his portraits, and, realising what a genius he had lost, in 1632 sent Sir Kenelm Digby to invite the painter to return. On his arrival he was received with great honour, was appointed Court painter, and on July 5, 1632, was knighted. Van Dyck died in London in 1641. The above picture was formerly in the collection of M. Pieters, Seigneur de Merchten, and at one time in the Borghese Palace.

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ROMANCE IN THE SALE-ROOM.

By W. G. MENZIES, Author of "Collecting Antiques."

SOME years ago, the daughters of a retired tradesman living at Worthing took to Christie's a dirty and neglected portrait of a young lady in a muslin dress which they had unsuccessfully offered to several of the leading London dealers. It proved to be a Linley portrait by Gainsborough, and, despite its dilapidated condition, it realised 9000 guineas! It is such incidents as this that make the history of the sale-room as romantic as many a novel.

The auction luck of modest owners is a great factor in present-day collecting, and, though all are not so fortunate as the possessors of the Linley portrait, innumerable instances occur every season where owners of apparently valueless art objects find that by their sale they have become the possessors of an unexpected fortune. Such happenings are not, of course, confined solely to pictures, for fashion and other factors have increased by a hundredfold and more the value of certain china, furniture, prints, books, and silver which at one time were almost unsaleable.

In Christie's catalogue some years ago, three unframed pictures appeared; the property of Mr. John Tomlinson, who died at Whitehaven in his ninetieth year. A many-sided and remarkable man, Mr. Tomlinson collected all manner of beautiful things—paintings, prints, furniture, and books. The three pictures were bought, rolled up as so much old canvas, by a secondhand dealer, and were resold to Mr. Tomlinson for about £2. For years he kept them hanging on his walls unframed, well aware that their quality was above the average. At his death, one, an undoubted work by Romney, made 6500 guineas, and

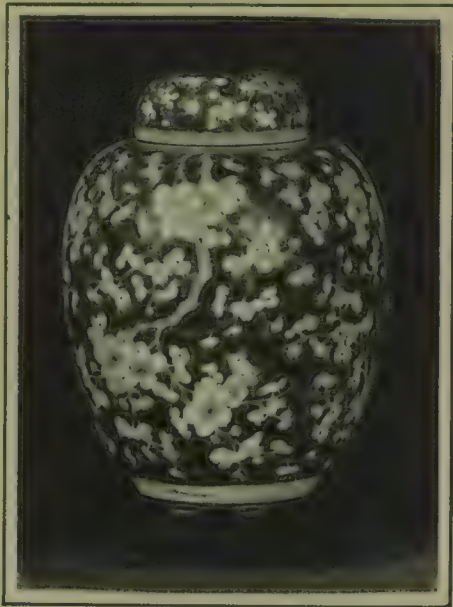


FIG. 1. PICKED UP FOR 12s. 6d. AND EVENTUALLY SOLD (AT THE HUTH SALE) FOR £5900: A SMALL HAWTHORN-BLUE GINGER-JAR.

A New Zealand lady had a rare stroke of luck at the same rooms early this year. Returning to England from the Antipodes, she brought a few pictures with her, two of which realised 5300 guineas. One, a work by Salomon Ruysdael, which five years before had failed to reach an 850 guineas reserve, made 3000 guineas; while a subject by de Troy made 2300 guineas. Such an incident recalls the case of an Australian lady who called at Christie's in 1909 with two goblets which she thought were brass. They were James I. silver-gilt and were sold for £1180.

Lawrence's portrait of Elizabeth Farren (Fig. 2), now only known from the engraving, provides one of the mysteries of the art world. In 1863, when Lawrence's works were out of favour, it sold for 79 guineas. Then in 1897, when he had regained his popularity, it again appeared at Christie's, and made over 2000 guineas. Soon afterwards it disappeared from the ken of art dealers, and its whereabouts is still unknown. A lady acting for her boy, who had left for Canada, sent four family portraits by Raeburn to the saleroom. They were quite unknown to writers on Raeburn, but, nevertheless, they realised £18,375. It was doubly fortunate that she had decided to bring the pictures to London, for soon after she had left Scotland her home and its contents were reduced to ashes.

In the winter of 1911, a dock labourer trudged from the East End to Christie's with a picture that had been "in the family for years," and a roll under his arm. The picture proved to be quite valueless, and the poor disappointed man was preparing to leave when he was asked what was in the roll under his arm. He unfolded the roll and revealed a copy of Ward's mezzotint of "Children Bathing," after Hoppner, which soon after brought joy to his humble home by realising £357.

Forty years ago £30 was considered a high price for a set of Wheatley's "Cries of London" (Fig. 4), published about 150 years ago at 15s. apiece. Now the value of a good set of the thirteen plates is over a hundred times this sum, a set having realised £3300 at Sotheby's rooms last June.

Romantic indeed is the story surrounding the sale of a small hawthorn-blue ginger-jar (Fig. 1) at the famous Huth sale. Picked up in a small shop in Bristol for 12s. 6d., it attracted the attention of Mr. Huth when he saw it in the finder's drawing-room. For long Mr. Huth pestered his friend to sell it, and at last, thinking the price would be prohibitive, the owner said he could have it for £25. "I at once paid him," said Mr. Huth to the writer, "but at the same time thought inwardly that a rather mean advantage had been taken of my anxiety to get it." At Mr. Huth's sale it realised £5900. The same collector picked up at Leggatt's, in Cornhill, for 15s., a Gainsborough drawing which was sold later for 1000 guineas; while five other items which had cost him £800 totalled over £8000.

The value of literary and artistic relics during recent years has assumed proportions undreamt of twenty years ago, and veriest trifles in any way associated with famous men and women of the past arouse the keenest competition. It was not always so. In the middle of last century such relics were evidently at a discount. A lock of Mary Queen of Scots' hair taken from the corpse in 1784 was only considered worth £7 10s.; William III.'s silver watch only made 10 guineas; while Dick Turpin's pistol, commonly called "Black Jack," fell to a bid of £5. As a contrast, last season, Cromwell's silver watch, made for him at a cost of about £5, fetched 195 guineas; while a single button from his coat was considered worth 9½ guineas.

Stuart relics are now well to the fore, and when, last May, the shield of the Young Pretender, presented to him by his admirers in 1745, realised £4000 at Sotheby's, the purchaser thought he had got it cheap. The Pretender's pistols made £200; his snuff-box £130; and the lace ruffles he wore on the day he marched to Edinburgh went for £220.

Full of romance, also, was the famous Essex ring presented by Queen Elizabeth to her favourite, which was sold at Christie's about the same time. Essex was executed, despite the Queen's promise that the ring would save him whatever his crime, if he returned it to her. The ring, owing to the duplicity of the Countess of Nottingham, was never returned, and Essex died on the scaffold, to the great grief of the Queen. Bought by Mr. Ernest Mackower for £546, it is now a national possession, resting on Elizabeth's tomb in Westminster Abbey.

When Hepplewhite chairs (Fig. 3) were still modern, a Guernsey family bought a set of fourteen from a London firm of upholsterers for about £30. Last season, at Christie's, this set, much to the owner's surprise, realised 1450 guineas; while a few other pieces which had been purchased at the same time totalled 1100 guineas.

The sale of the collection of the Clapham collector, the late Mr. Robert Nesham, last July, provided several romantic incidents. For fifty years he collected pictures and furniture, placing at first a limit of £5 on his purchases. Later, he raised the limit, but never throughout his life did he pay more than £50 for any one item. His furniture, picked up at a cost of about £1200, made £14,000, and one of his paintings, a small work by Stubbs, bought for under £5, realised £1050.

In 1725, Signor Conti, of Lucca, wishing to encourage a young artist, Antonio Canaletto, paid him 90 sequins (about £45) for four views of Venice. Two hundred and three years later these four pictures, so great is the demand for Canaletto's work, realised the enormous total of 24,500 guineas at Christie's. An interesting story is attached to the sale of Lord Anglesey's treasures some years back. Just before leaving Beaudesert, the auctioneer's representative had a final look round, and, in the butler's pantry, found a curious rock crystal and silver ewer and cover. Catalogued at the last moment, it realised £4200.



FIG. 3. ONE OF A SET OF HEPPLEWHITE CHAIRS BOUGHT, WHEN MODERN, FOR ABOUT £30, AND RECENTLY SOLD FOR 1450 GUINEAS: A GUERNSEY FAMILY'S GOOD LUCK.



FIG. 2. "ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE ART WORLD": SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH FARREN, WHOSE WHEREABOUTS IS NOW UNKNOWN.

In 1863 this picture fetched only 79 guineas, as Lawrence's work was then out of favour. On March 6, 1897, it was bought at Christie's, by Messrs. Agnew, for £2415. Soon afterwards it passed into other hands, and its present whereabouts is unknown to the art world.

the other two, catalogued as the work of Tilly Kettle, produced nearly £300. A good return for an expenditure of 38s.!



FIG. 4. THE REMARKABLE APPRECIATION OF WHEATLEY'S "CRIES OF LONDON": ONE OF THE FAMOUS SET WHOSE VALUE HAS RISEN FROM ABOUT £30 TO £3300.



TO many people the words Chinese Ceramics still conjure up a memory of blue and white plates adorning the walls of a drawing-room of the eighteenth-century. At that time even eighteenth-century Chinese porcelain was but little known; while examples of earlier centuries were scarcely to be seen in Europe. Since then, and more especially at the beginning of the twentieth century, commercial penetration of the Middle Kingdom has completely changed our views and enormously enlarged our knowledge. We know now that, speaking generally, the importations of porcelain to Europe during the previous two or three hundred years were, in the main, importations of pieces either expressly made for European taste or of not sufficiently high quality to be worth the attention of Chinese connoisseurs themselves.

The position now is entirely different. We are able to see the whole development of this art in which the Chinese were admittedly pre-eminent from its earliest beginnings. The novice approaching the subject for the first time must bear in mind a few unfamiliar names, with dates attached. They are these. (The list is not complete, but sufficient at this stage.) The T'ang Dynasty (618—907 A.D.); the Sung Dynasty (960—1280); the Ming Dynasty (1368—1644); the Ching or Manchu Dynasty (1644—1912), of which dynasty K'ang Hsi (1662—1723) and Ch'ien Lung (1736—1796) are the emperors whose names will most frequently be mentioned in connection with the porcelain of this lengthy period.

The T'ang period is looked upon as the Augustan Age of Chinese literature and art. Poetry, sculpture, painting, all reached a high state of development; as regards pottery, examples of the delightful tomb figures of men, horses, camels, musicians, etc., all modelled with wonderful freedom and grace, have often been the subject of illustration in these pages. Pre-T'ang figures, though not less vigorous, are not so technically perfect, and have a much narrower range of colouring.

By Sung times the Chinese potter, in spite of the welter of blood and cruelty, of war and massacre and invasion, which to a casual observer is merely a synonym for Chinese history, had attained an easy mastery of his craft which as regards pure form is unexampled before or since. Even ewers and bowls made for purely utilitarian purposes have a poise, a sureness of touch, and a simplicity of outline that are wholly admirable; while the more delicate pieces (notably Ying Ch'ing or "shadowy blue" porcelain) are nothing short of miraculous. These Sung potters, half-savages as no doubt they were, must have breathed beauty rather than air: one can go so far as to wish that

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: CHINESE POTTERY AND PORCELAIN: A BRIEF INTRODUCTION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Keats had seen some examples of their work—he might have written an even finer sonnet than his "Ode to a Grecian Urn." It is rather curious, by the way, that the Chinese, with their immemorial civilisation and their known skill in bronze, should have achieved their astonishing facility in pottery and porcelain so late in their history. The great age of Greek pottery was the fourth and fifth centuries B.C., and the Greeks were mere children by comparison.

Now the Sung potters, for all their artistry, used little colour, and, when all is said and done, it is the use of marvellous colouring which is the chief glory of Chinese porcelain. In Sung pieces one finds rich browns, delicate celadon greens, cream and ivory: technique had not yet progressed far enough to allow of multi-coloured painting upon the body of the pot before firing.

It is this great advance, and the consequent splendour of decoration, that is characteristic of the later Dynasties, beginning with the Ming. From now on a picture is painted with a brush: the effect is not obtained by laying on coloured washes. The method requires the greatest sureness of touch: the design has to be drawn on the absorbent clay before glazing, and cannot be altered a single millimetre. How many European portrait-painters could attempt a picture under these conditions, with no opportunity of erasure or over-painting?

It is difficult to sum up in so limited a space the multitudinous work of several centuries; but it is fair to say, perhaps, that of a Ming piece and a later example, the former will always have a certain breadth and dignity about it; while the latter will be pretty, charming, exquisite rather than nobly beautiful. The distinction is no doubt very subtle: perhaps one can best illustrate it, short of reproducing two fine examples in colour, by reminding the reader of the best work of Gainsborough and Romney. The latter never quite reached the stature

of his elder contemporary; his artistic conscience was a little lacking in depth. The same in broadest outline applies to Ming and Ching porcelain, with the proviso that the later period exhibits a technical control over a much wider range of methods—enamel painting, for example—which was beyond the experience of the Ming craftsmen.—F. D.

to be publicly exhibited for the first time next month.

Most of the specimens belong to the "precious" type; or, to be more exact, are of the kind made as examples of the potter's art and craft rather than decorative objects of daily use. Yet there are not



POTTERY OF THE MING DYNASTY (1368—1644):
A RARE CHINESE FIGURE WITH A FACE THAT SHOWS
AN OUTSTANDING INDIAN FEELING.

"This important and powerfully modelled example of Chinese pottery," it is noted, "has, as regards the face, an outstanding Indian feeling, although it is obviously a product of the Far East. The face, arms, body, and feet are enamelled in green, with the robes in yellow, a lighter shade of which colour is also employed for the tray which is represented as supported by the head of the figure. This model is one of extreme rarity. It is in brilliant condition, and would form a most notable addition to any collection of Oriental ceramics." It is 1 ft. 5 in. high.

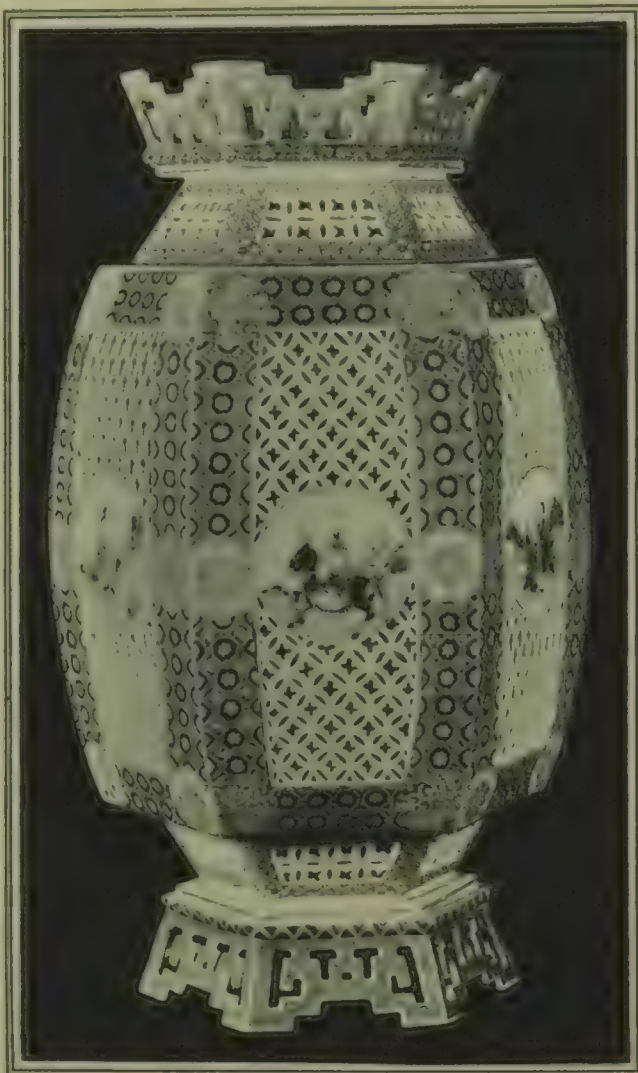
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THE LIDDELL COLLECTION OF OLD CHINESE PORCELAIN.

To those acquainted with the ceramic treasures in the famous Salting Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Exhibition shortly to be held at Messrs. Bluett's Galleries, 48, Davies Street, W., will be of particular interest; for the Chinese porcelain forming the collection of Captain C. Oswald Liddell was brought together contemporaneously with, and in a large measure from, the same sources as that of the late Mr. Salting. The Liddell Collection is now in London, and is

wanting illustrations of a praiseworthy quality in this essentially artistic people—the insistence on beauty whenever and wherever it could be applied. In the days when our British ancestors were using pewter plates and wooden porringers, or, at best, coarse earthenware vessels, the cultured Chinese was taking his food from fine porcelain bowls and dishes often daintily painted or enamelled. In the more luxurious homes he would even have lanterns made of thin translucent porcelain cunningly pierced and skilfully painted in enamels of the most delicate hues: An illustration here given shows such a lantern. This piece, which belongs to the Yung Cheng period (A.D. 1736—1796), is in the Liddell Collection, and it is interesting to note that it has its counterpart in a closely similar specimen in the Salting Collection.

The whole colour section contains some treasures rare and very beautiful. Notable amongst these are a charming little pink glazed vase, mounted on an ivory stand (formerly in the collection of Prince Ching, the last Regent of the Manchu Dynasty); a gorgeous *sang-de-bœuf* vase, and a pair of wonderful turquoise-blue beakers. There will be, in all, some 230 items on view, and it is far from easy to make a selection of those deserving special mention. Doubtless, many will make a point of visiting Messrs. Bluett's, and seeing for themselves. I understand that the Exhibition is to open on May 23; that it is to continue for some three weeks; and that admission is to be by visiting card.—"COLLECTOR."



PORCELAIN OF THE YUNG CHENG PERIOD (1736—1796):
A HEXAGONAL LANTERN WITH PIERCED SIDES—EACH SIDE
WITH A CIRCULAR RESERVE, OR PLAQUE, ENAMELLED
WITH FIGURES AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

The height of this piece is thirteen inches. It is in the Liddell Collection to be shown by Messrs. Bluett and Sons. (See article on this page.)

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OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE.

THERE is a delightful touch in that very distinguished play, "Berkeley Square," where Peter Standish, miraculously back in the seventeen-eighties, congratulates Lady Pettigrew upon her beautiful Queen Anne chairs, only to find that he has been guilty of an outrageous breach of good manners! His remark is interpreted as a pointed allusion to the family's lack of means, for walnut had long been *démodé*, in favour of mahogany. Many people can remember a time when Chippendale was relegated to the attic or the second-hand dealer, and brand-new, clumsy chairs covered in horsehair were substituted

for the gracious wing-armchair of the mid-eighteenth century.

To us now that seems an astonishing lack of taste, a quite unforgivable blindness to the most elementary axioms of decoration, and even of comfort. It implies not merely an artistic insensibility, but a complete atrophy of the imagination: for a piece of furniture is not just an object of utility of more or less agreeable line and colour; it is also something in

It has been argued—and very good dialectic has been made of the theme—that to linger over the past is a sign of decadence. A vigorous nation should be too busy making history to bother about its ancestors: the business of the modern man is to look forward, not backward; to build anew rather than to preserve what is already in existence; to scrap the old, to experiment... We have all encountered the argument, which is so logical, and so attractive as far as it goes. We have, some of us, approved of it wholeheartedly after listening drearily to a dull dog who collects old pieces merely because they are old and not because they are beautiful; and just as wholeheartedly we have disapproved of it when we have suffered the conversation of a man who will only buy new pieces merely because they are new.

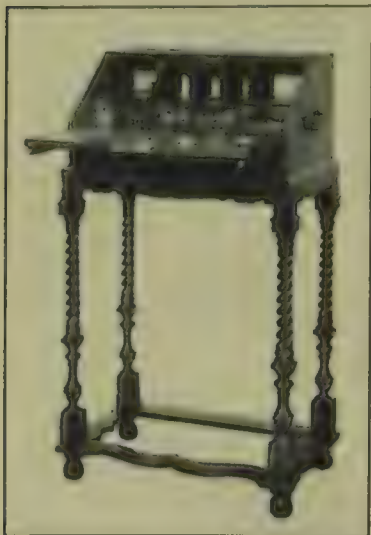
In actual fact, the antithesis is wholly false: some few examples of old furniture are frankly hideous, while some modern work is beautiful. But even the small proportion of old work that is ugly

DATING FROM ABOUT 1760: AN ENGLISH TALLBOY IN MAHOGANY. The drawer-fronts are richly figured, and the handles are exceptionally beautiful. The lower chest has quarter columns inset in each angle, and it stands on bracket feet which are decorated with unusual fret carvings. The upper chest has fret decorations on its canted corners and frieze. The cornice has a dentil enrichment. It is in the collection of Messrs. Howard and Sons, and is to be seen in that firm's eighteenth-century houses.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Howard and Sons, 25, 26, and 27, Berners Street, W.1.

is, as it were, impregnated with the spirit of its period, and some of our modern designers and decorators could very well remember that a sturdy reminder of the past—a walnut bureau bookcase or a lacquer cabinet, for example—can add a surprising touch of graciousness to the most severely rectangular, simply designed room. After all, one can enjoy Mr. H. G. Wells and still admire Henry Fielding; a liking for the plays of Mr. Lonsdale does not necessarily prevent us from being amused by a performance of "The School for Scandal"; and a passion for the painting of Augustus John need not blind us to the qualities of Thomas Gainsborough. It is odd that no one has ever dreamt of cutting loose from the past in literature; cultivated people in the 'seventies and 'eighties did not despise Shakespeare, Milton, and the other giants; but they did disregard the furniture-makers. It has been left for our own generation to make amends.

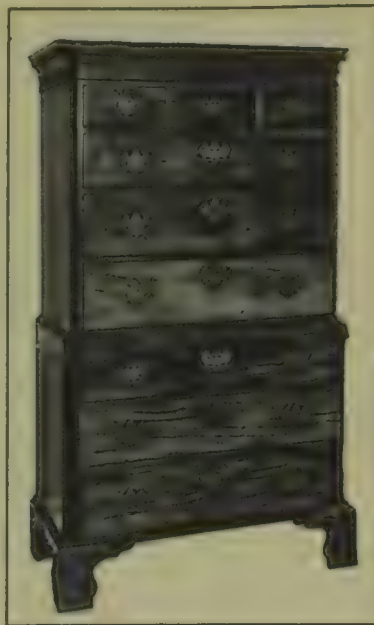
Let us consider for a moment what, for want of a better word, we may call the sentimental [Continued overleaf.



AN ANTIQUE OF UNUSUAL INTEREST: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BUREAU IN MAHOGANY.

This piece is in the collection of Messrs. Gill and Reigate. As the photograph shows, it is a small bureau on a stand. It is 2 ft. 11 in. high; 1 ft. 9 in. wide; and 1 ft. 1 in. deep. Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Gill and Reigate, 25 and 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1.

which is enshrined the very essence of our past history, of the minds and personalities of those of our race who made it and used it so familiarly in their homes.



FROM THE NIGHT NURSERY AT WEST HARLING HALL: A FINE CABINET BY WILLIAM KENT.

This cabinet is of fine mahogany, and the original carving is in a perfect state of preservation. The upper part has the mirror doors favoured in the early Georgian, or pre-Chippendale, period. It is one of the Nugent heirlooms, from West Harling Hall, Norfolk, which are to be sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on April 26. It is 97 inches high, and 54 inches broad. A kindred piece is in the collection at Chesterfield House—a specimen given to Princess Mary as a wedding present.

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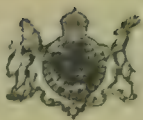
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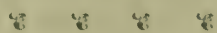


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interest of old furniture. Each type is a chapter, each piece a paragraph, in the domestic and social history of England. The contents of a great house like Knole are as vivid an illustration of the changing years as the architectural details of Westminster Abbey. A history of woodwork is a history of domesticity. There is the rough, brutal England of the Plantagenets. Someone, somewhere, thinks of panelling bare walls with wood: the first examples are crude, honest, perfectly plain. The country, in spite of civil war, becomes a little more prosperous. The wooden wall-coverings are seen to require

some sort of simple decoration. In time we find a plain oak panel of small size breaking the monotony of the even surface; then vine-leaf decoration or a simple so-called parchment design; finally, the Elizabethan linenfold panelling, with elaborate chimney pieces, arched borders, and a wealth of inlay-work. In another hundred years we are in a world a little more polite, a little more self-conscious. Wren has made additions to Hampton Court, and St. Paul's is distinctly the New Art. So the panels are much larger, while



A FINE PIECE OF OLD ENGLISH MAHOGANY FURNITURE:
A "CARLTON HOUSE" WRITING-TABLE.

This specimen, which is from the collection of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons, has a pierced brass gallery. The circular, tapered legs, with reeded capitals, will be noticed.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons, 44, 46, 48, 50, and 52, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

does the carving over the fireplace. Classical columns have long since supplanted Gothic decoration—and so we go through the severity of the Queen Anne period, the flamboyant dignity of the great Palladian houses, from oak to pine, from pine to the Brothers Adam and their adaptations of the classical.

If the decoration of walls alone can bring back to life the sort of people we were then, how much more intimately can individual pieces of furniture! This was the sort of chair Pepys might have used; this the mirror that might have reflected the features of his wife, poor wretch! This court cupboard, solid and elaborate, might have stood in the hall of the Strand mansion of the Earl of Essex; at this long, narrow refectory table he may well have dined and plotted and complained in the company of Anthony and Francis Bacon. This country-made chest could, perhaps, have held papers in the parsonage of Robert Herrick; this walnut bureau, with its marquetry and elaborate series of drawers, might have occupied a corner in Pope's villa at Twickenham. Thus and thus did we live, thus and thus did fashion change, and oak gave place to walnut, and walnut to mahogany, and mahogany in its turn to satinwood, while we—we are the owners not of utilitarian chairs and tables only, but, if we have any imagination whatever, of pages from a romantic history of English manners.

That is one aspect of old furniture. Now look at it in cold blood, leaving out every sentimental consideration. Examine it as one would a piece of mechanism like a car, which should be pleasing to the eye and also fitted to its purpose. A fine example is a thing of beautiful line and good honest craftsmanship. It is a relic of an age when time was not so important as it is to-day, when skill was not debased by hurry. The soft glow which we call the patina

of age is not produced by mechanical means; it is the result of years of use and care. An old piece is designed by a personality, not by a syndicate; it is made with deliberation, carefully, leisurely, by a man who has a feeling for his material. Birch is not varnished over and called fumed oak; the materials are as genuine as the craftsmanship. The drawers slide out smoothly like cards in a newly-bought pack; cupboard doors are not warped; the thing is honest, and it is efficient in performance.

Perhaps it is this rather than sentiment which accounts for the enormous interest taken in antique furniture to-day. Industry is more and more dominated by the machine. The process is inevitable, and without a shadow of doubt confers immense material benefits upon our generation. In time, perhaps, we shall evolve a method of producing articles of serious artistic merit by mass-production, just as architects are evolving a new technique to meet the demands of concrete. But at the moment in the more intimate atmosphere of our homes nothing so far can take the place of sound craftsmanship.



CHIPPENDALE: A MAHOGANY WRITING-TABLE, WITH CARVED BORDERS, AND SHAPED LEGS ON PAW FEET.

This piece of Chippendale is also from the collection of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons, the well-known dealers in antique furniture and works of art. Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons, 44, 46, 48, 50, and 52, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

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May 16th.—The Magnificent ELIZABETHAN PANELING and HERALDIC STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS in the "Great Chamber" of Gilling Castle, Yorks, the property of CAPTAIN K. S. HUNTER. *Illustrated Catalogues* (11 plates, 1 in Colours), 5s. *Models and Drawings on View fourteen days previous.*

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SALE MAY 16th.—A VIEW OF THE GREAT CHAMBER AT GILLING CASTLE.

CHELSEA PORCELAIN.

EXIGENCIES of space in this issue make an adequate description of the products and fortunes of the Chelsea factory impossible, but readers who are approaching the subject of this fascinating chapter in the history of English ceramics not as specialists, but as more or less interested amateurs may like to be reminded of its place in the historical development of porcelain-making in Europe.

Chinese porcelain had long been known in the West; it had come by painful stages to the Eastern Mediterranean, and thence to European communities. A few—a very few—specimens are in existence ornamented with sixteenth-century European silver mounts; a sufficient proof both of its rarity and of the estimation in which it was held. Attempt after attempt was made to imitate it. The Medici family succeeded to a limited extent; their patronage achieved something near true porcelain, but of soft instead of hard paste. (Soft paste is fired at a comparatively low temperature, and is liable to crack in hot water.) The secret of this soft paste was rediscovered at Rouen in 1673 by Poterat, and various factories were afterwards founded in France. But it was reserved for a young German alchemist who was engaged in the romantic and hopeless task that so fascinated the Middle Ages—the task of making gold from base metal—it was reserved for him to discover the secret of true, or hard-paste, porcelain. This was in 1709, and the young man's name was Johann Friedrich Böttger. As a result, the famous factory at Meissen, near Dresden, was established under royal patronage, and is still in active production.

The secret, though guarded jealously, became, if not public property, at any rate fairly well known, mainly owing to runaways from the original factory, and the next half-century saw the establishment of a porcelain works in most European countries. Of these immediate descendants of Meissen, Chelsea seems to have been founded about 1745. (Of the other English

proprietor, Nicholas Sprimont, who took over the works in 1749, was of French origin. Accounts are rather conflicting, but it would appear that Sprimont was financed by Sir Edward Fawkener, and that the Duke of Cumberland, who has a particular niche in English history as "the butcher of Culloden," took a great interest in the venture. Sprimont, it is said, was paid one guinea per day as salary. The business prospered until about 1763; again evidence is lacking as to details, but in 1769 Sprimont sold out to James Cox, and in the following year Cox disposed of his bargain to Duesbury and Heath of Derby—and with this date Chelsea as such comes to an end.

As to its productions, they are bewilderingly varied, of great charm and exquisite colouring. One must not expect in any European porcelain the perfection of technical achievement, the glowing symphony of tone, the unerring artistic sense of contemporary Chinese work with its thousand years of tradition behind it. (By this is meant Chinese porcelain made for Chinese connoisseurs and not for export.) In studying European work of the eighteenth century one must accept European conventions: the original inspiration might be Chinese, but the interpretation was of necessity European, and the Europe of petty princelings, of elaboration in dress and decoration, of all that we mean by the word rococo. As such, Chelsea figures and dishes are superb; sentimental, if you will, but also amusingly theatrical, with that

sense of fun, that absence of serious intention, which gives such added charm to their grace of form and texture. It is this lightness, this absence of deep feeling, which, in addition to their more obvious qualities, explains their high market value. One looks at them not merely with admiration but with affection.



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Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Stoner and Evans, 3, King Street, St. James's Square, S.W.1.

factories, Bow, Worcester, and Derby—which later submerged Chelsea—are the most important.) It is odd how vague our knowledge is of the beginnings of the Chelsea factory—it is only by chance that we have a record of the name of the founder, one Gouyn, who was, no doubt, French or Flemish. The next

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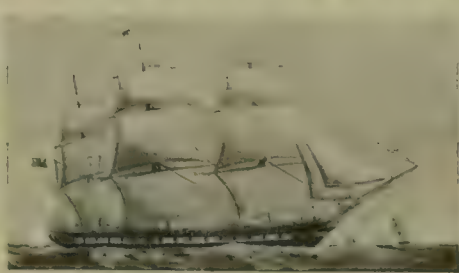
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ROUND THE GALLERIES.

IT has long been a truism that London is the centre of the art business. It is not so generally understood how this well-established tradition has, in the course of years, influenced the relations between the collector and the dealer: the London dealer of standing and reputation is so much more than

a mere purveyor of canvases or pieces of furniture or porcelain. He stands to his clientèle in something of the same relation as a doctor to his patients, or, better still, a solicitor to his clients. He sells so much more than goods: he puts at the disposal of his customer a lifetime of experience—in the case of many firms the accumulated wisdom of two or three generations—and he guarantees them against the possibility of error. He is the specialist who



IN THE AGE OF SAIL: "THE TAEPIING"—A CLIPPER SHIP
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Our reproduction is from the lithograph in colours, by and after T. G. Dutton, which is one of the pictures in the Exhibition illustrating the Age of Sail in merchant ships and yachts, at the Parker Gallery. "Taeping" took part in the greatest ocean race in history in 1866, sixteen first-class clippers participating. "Taeping" docked twenty minutes ahead of "Ariel," and very properly divided the premium money with her.

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must be consulted before any financial operation is undertaken, and he is the friend whose privilege it is to advise, to encourage, and to warn. He has reached his position by study in a hard school. We can all stroll round the National Gallery and admire and even depreciate what we see; we can hold the most intelligent theories; we can entertain our neighbours at dinner with the sprightliest conversation about art.

The dealer can do this too, but his knowledge is profound where that of the amateur is superficial. The dealer is risking his money daily by buying pictures on his own judgment: with prices such as they are to-day, one mis-

take can result in irretrievable disaster. To survive he must have real knowledge; to prosper he must be, in addition, a pattern of business honesty and discretion. He has to please two sides: the man he buys from, and the man he sells to. He must both give and receive a fair price, for clients will never come again if they are not satisfied. Perhaps the dealer's greatest trial is the man who announces that he "knows nothing about art and all that nonsense, but that he knows what he likes." He is always so modest to begin with, and so dictatorial at the end, inevitably losing his head and picking up in some obscure corner of London for, shall we say, £300, a copy of a Lely portrait, when he could have acquired



"THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL."—A MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING IN
COLOUR BY EUGENE TILY AFTER WILLIAM SHAYER.

Shayer's "The Village Festival" and "The Rabbit-Seller" have been engraved in mezzotint by Eugene Tily from the original oil paintings, and have been published in that form by Messrs. Frost and Reed. The reproductions are 19 5/8 by 14 5/8 in. (engraved surface, exclusive of margins).

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There are Transatlantic schoolmarmes who turn a man's gallery upside down during the space of an hour and a-half, and then calmly walk out, saying they have enjoyed their visit very much, and that a vacation in Europe is an

educative experience of the greatest value. There are also a surprising number of well-mannered people who have good pictures which have been hanging in their houses since Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney first painted them. The dealer wastes a whole day going far into the country to find that, once again, optimistic owners will never learn to distinguish between quite adequate copies made for their fathers or grandfathers and original work.



A WELL-KNOWN SPORTING CHARACTER: "RALPH OLDACRE AT PEATLING."—BY T. W. NEDHAM, 1826.

Ralph Oldacre is seen viewing the fox from his cover at Peatling, near Lutterworth. In the background, Sir Francis Burdett is mounting his horse. Oldacre is particularly famous for the "John and Jane Ball Coverts," which he planted for Squire Osbaldeston. These still exist. The picture reproduced is in the collection of Messrs. Vicars Brothers.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Vicars Brothers, 12, Old Bond Street, W.

If the London dealer requires the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job, he certainly succeeds in keeping his stock to a wonderfully high standard of quality. One would imagine from newspaper comment that this country had long been drained of its best works of art. It is true that in the past decade exportation has been heavy; it is also true—and it is this that is so little understood—that there is in England to-day a mass of pictures of the highest quality and specimens of antique furniture which are more than sufficient to satisfy the world demand for many years to come.

Nowhere else on earth could one see a set of chairs 'by Seddon, Sheraton's pupil, with the original receipt of 1790. These, at the moment of writing, are in the window of M. Harris and Sons, New Oxford Street. Puttick and Simpsons are holding a sale in May of the Nugent heirlooms, in which, among much fine furniture, are two portraits by Gainsborough of the very first importance, which will inevitably attract eager competition.

At the Parker Galleries is a special exhibition of prints and pictures illustrating the age of sail in merchantships and yachts. As a pictorial commentary upon commercial and social history, this show is of the greatest interest. Messrs. Spink and Sons, famous for classical and Chinese objects of art, coins and medals, silver, etc., have an Old Master gallery, which is sometimes overlooked by passers-by in King Street. Vicars Brothers are showing a fine collection of sporting pictures and prints; the Raeburn Gallery, Barbizon School paintings and English eighteenth-century pictures; and Messrs. Frost and Reed announce the publication of etchings and mezzotints.



A PASTEL BY MILLET: "THE RIDING LESSON."

This very interesting work by Jean François Millet, whose "Angelus" is one of the best-known pictures in the world, is described thus: "This famous pastel, when it was first exhibited at the Salon, in 1844, caused Diaz to say: 'Here is a Master come amongst us; let us get in touch with him.' Diaz then persuaded Millet to go to the village of Barbizon, which was the commencement of the well-known Barbizon School of painters." It is now in the possession of the Raeburn Gallery.

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An Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings of Hunting Countries by F. A. Stewart will be opened at these Galleries on April 15, and will remain on view for a month.

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

THE mass of material in "Dodsworth" (Cape; 7s. 6d.) is kept whirling by the amazing energy of Sinclair Lewis, whose powers gather force with every book he writes. The new novel pivots on the conjugal disaster of Sam Dodsworth. Europe itself revolves dizzily round the Dodsworth affair; and the Dodsworth affair is the marriage problem of the new, American age. A dissolving view of cafés, hotels, international contrasts, and national divergences streams past Sam, the typical Middle West

citizen, and Fran, his wife, the complete, intractable egoist. Sam is no fool, and it is his misfortune that the convention of his country allows Fran to sacrifice him to her social ambitions. They are shallow and snobbish; but they are one of the American woman's inalienable claims to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that is sufficient. We might well despair of the new age, with a

Fran rocking the cradle and ruling the world, if Sam were not so much finer than his womankind. The speed god whom he, as an automobile manufacturer, had helped to create is the presiding deity of the book. There are many passages in which Mr. Lewis emphasises the crazy surge of the modern mob rushing nowhere and nowither: it is significant that only Sam's rather ineffectual decency remains steady. Mr. Lewis has broadened his outlook in "Dodsworth," and it will enhance his reputation. It is a great book.

The spring publication of "The Coat Without a

Seam" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net) seems untimely. Its atmosphere is autumnal: wistful, and rather melancholy. Maurice Baring's restraint, his measured English, have no vernal exuberances here. But they will charm the fastidious reader, and the story is really a story of youth, though it is youth defeated and subdued. A mystic symbol appears and reappears in the short life of young Christopher Trevenen. It is the legendary Holy Coat. At the last it is torn from the chance of the little French church and used by a spy to betray his native village to the Germans. In that incident mysticism and realism come into collision, and mysticism suffers. It is an unfortunate conclusion, best counterbalanced by turning back to the many perfect word-pictures with which the book is studded. The novelist may be at fault, but the artist in words is unassailable. There is an artist of considerable skill in Daphne Muir, who writes "The Virtuous Woman" (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.). The proverbial virtuous woman survived, in South Africa, in a patriarchal Cape Dutch household. Sanni was meek but not characterless; pious, dutiful, and the mother of many children. She lived unchanged in a changing world. She suffered deeply when the Boer War filled her country with hate, she who had never hated anyone; and she had suffered hardly less when Sarel le Roux, her Boer bridegroom, stamped on her natural gaiety. Line by line, with an admirable sense of perspective, Mrs. Muir accomplishes the simple perfection of her Old Wife's Tale.

MR. BERNARD ROLT, AUTHOR OF
"KING'S BARDON."

"Pluck the Flower" (Dent; 7s. 6d.) is by John Brophy, who could have employed his sharp-edged talent much more pleasantly. "Strange Wooing" the heading calls the seduction of Mary Floyd, the fact being that there is nothing strange about it except the fascination it exerts over Mr. Brophy. In Pondlebury's store, patronised by a voracious public greedy of bargains, "the heavy staled air was hot on the skin, it stank with the mingled odours of perspiring humanity." And that is exactly what is the matter with "Pluck the Flower." "Joan Kennedy" (Methuen; 7s. 6d.) is unattractive too, though in a very different way. The English wife in an American household is not an easy subject, and Joan was a tiresome young woman. International marriage requires treating with psychological understanding, a gift that Henry Channon does not possess. The setting, in England and America, is good enough; but the book lacks breadth, and personal feeling seems to have crept into it. After it, E. F. Benson's "Paying Guests" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.) is refreshing. It is not one of his best novels, but it is what it sets out to be, a good-humoured exposure of the silliness of silly people. The small beer of boarding-house society flows mildly from the tap, with no particular reason why it should cease to flow. The Anglo-Indian Colonel, pompous and peppery, the sprightly spinster, and the hypochondriacs are types that will probably see us all out. Mr. Benson caricatures them, and he makes their follies highly entertaining. The plot (if it can be called a plot) hinges on the intrusion of the Mind and Error enthusiast, who sets the paying guests in a ferment.

(Continued overleaf.)



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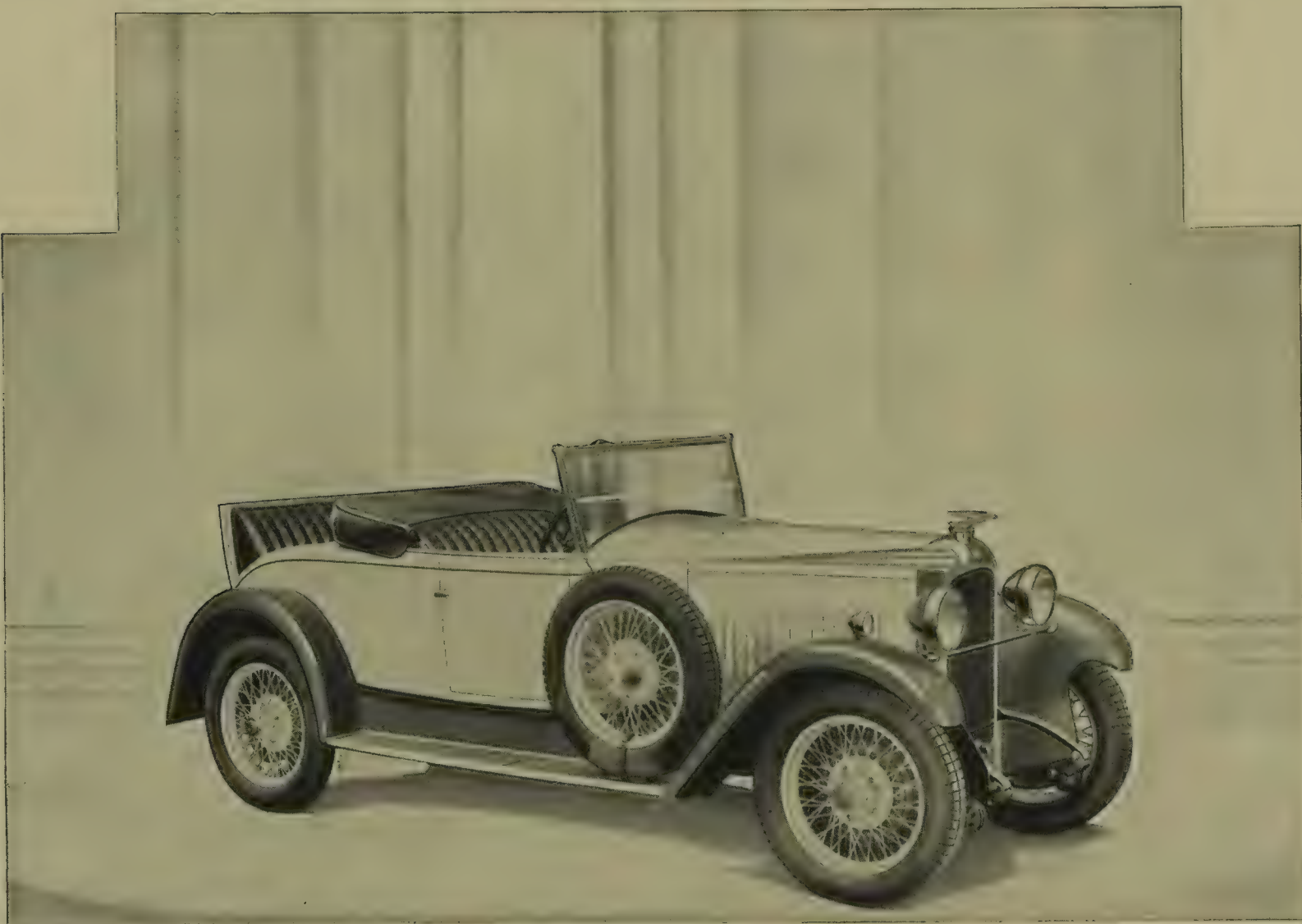
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Vauxhall

(Continued.)

"King's Bardon" (Constable; 7s. 6d.), by Bernard Rolt, and "Black Gold" (Appleton; 7s. 6d.), by Robert McBlair, are dramatic novels not over concerned with actuality. "King's Bardon" is the

chronicle of the black Rocaes, who were black because the French madam, their disreputable ancestress, had sown her wild oats at Charles the Second's Court. The blot on the 'scutcheon' was sometimes dominant and sometimes recessive: you never know where you are with the Stewart blood, it appears.

Mr. Rolt has overloaded his book with the family curse, and he is amateurish in technique; but still, "King's Bardon" is an interesting first novel. "Black Gold" is more sensational. Coal was the black gold that Edward and Theodore Braxfield despatched to a South American republic in Captain Portillo's mysterious ship. It was Edward who sailed in her to keep an eye on the business deal at the other end; and it was Sylvia Cascante who revealed herself on board, ostensibly as the owner, but really because you have to get a lovely girl somehow into the romantic thriller. It is impossible to imagine "Black Gold" without a heroine. Robert McBlair has highbrow yearnings ("it beckoned like a friend, this to-morrow in the life of man; its bugles sang in my blood, for now beside me was one who would be brave to hold the banner higher"), but they do not retard the very spirited progress of his adventures. If Lynn Brock would take a leaf out of Mr. McBlair's book he would learn something to his advantage, as the agony column says. As it is, "The Dagworth Combe Murder" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is so intolerably long-winded that it can only be recommended to people possessing unusual perseverance

or who are agile in the art of skipping. Which is a pity, for the detective-story public is large and eager, and Mr. Brock has written some pretty good stories. The odd thing about "The Dagworth Combe Murder" is that it winds up with a chapter of five lines—just five—exactly suited to their purpose, plain proof that Mr. Brock can compress when he chooses.

"Southern Wood" (Longmans; 7s. 6d.), by Pamela Hamilton, and "The Conquering Star" (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.), by Barbara Goolden, are novels exclusively concerned with the post-war generation, which, again, is exclusively concerned with itself. The Southern Wood young men and women meet on buses, and at "circles," and they dart in and out of East End missions, and are impressed by running up against each other in London and doing things of no extraordinary importance. They consider life; it engages their earnest attention. Prudence decides that its difficulties will best be met by "our being willing to give up anything we've got"; and Miss Hamilton is so pleased with this pronouncement that she rings down the curtain upon it. "The Conquering Star" opens with a Galsworthy-cum-Barker family sitting round the dinner-table. It is quite a good opening, especially as the family has some unusual perplexities to grapple with. Miss Goolden has elaborated an analysis of the conscientious objector whom peace time had not relieved from embarrassments. It is a careful study, and it goes below the surface.

There are points of resemblance between "On the Anvil" (Benn; 7s. 6d.) and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Tim Staveley was born in South America of a German mother, and he had German cousins who were his playmates. When the war came, Tim went home to fight for England, and the von Schulenburgs to fight for Germany. Tim was eventually drafted to Salonica, where he encountered Cousin Kurt in a tragic situation. Tim at the training camp and on the Doiran front affords L. I. Crawford the opportunity to express what he feels and knows about the forging of the human instrument of war. There is a sincere appeal in Mr. Crawford's war novel. He does not batter at one's emotions, but he gets home all the same. The directness of his writing gives it distinction, and there are some fine and poignant chapters.

Katherine Mayo's new book is not, strictly speaking, fiction. It is a footnote to "Mother India." The twelve narratives in "Slaves of the Gods" (Cape; 7s. 6d.) are taken from real life, and it is affirmed—and no one who knows India will deny it—that their record is typical. The Bishop of Madras criticised "Mother India"; not because it over-estimated the evils it described, but because it did not emphasise them enough. The emphasis is supplied in "Slaves of the Gods," and to strengthen it there are added the



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opinions of Hindu leaders on child marriage and temple prostitution, which are, of course, the subject of these tales.

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

BY W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S.

THE HUMP OF THE CAMEL.

ONE of my correspondents wrote the other day to ask me whether the camel really does store water for his long desert journeys in his hump, or humps. There is a widespread belief that this is

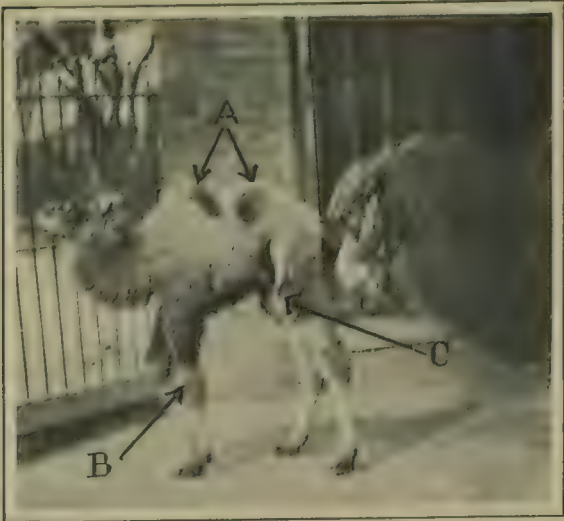


FIG. 1. INCIPIENT HUMPS IN A BABY CAMEL: A YOUNG BACTRIAN SPECIMEN, WITH HUMPS AS MERE EMPTY BAGS. In the newly-born camel, as in this example of the young Bactrian species, the humps (A) are mere empty bags, which hang over to one side of the back. The horny pads covering the knee (B) and stifle-joint (C) are present at the moment of birth. But what is commonly called the "knee" is really the wrist-joint; the actual knee is what is known as the "stifle-joint."

indeed the case. But it must share the fate of many other popular beliefs whose origins are untraceable. Nevertheless, it rested on a substratum of truth. The hump has always, and rightly, been regarded as an index of "good condition." When about to start on a lengthy journey there is nothing on which an Arab lays so much stress as on the quality of his camel's hump, which must be firm, and full to bursting point. And this because it is really a reserve store of food, which takes the form of liquid fat, filling out a mesh-

work of tendinous, elastic tissue, comparable to the fat-cushion on the head of the bottle-nosed whale. As the animals march, under the blazing sun, for days on end, this store is drawn upon until at last the hump assumes a flabby condition, a mere bag of skin and fibres. This method of storing food in the form of accumulated fat is used by many and various types of animals. The fat-tailed and fat-rumped sheep, for example, develop enormous masses of fat over the hind-quarters and on the tail to serve as "emergency rations."

And what is true of the Arabian, or one-humped, camel is true also of the Bactrian, or two-humped, camel of Asia (Fig. 2). In the newly born calf, as is shown in the accompanying photograph of a young Bactrian camel (Fig. 1), the humps are in the deflated condition, mere empty bags, which will not fill out till the youngster can take solid food, and plenty of it; though I can find no record of the time taken to fill them.

What was the predisposing cause which brought about the storage of oil on the back, in humps, instead of the more usual form of fat on some other part of the body, as in other animals, is at present beyond us. The story of "How the Camel got his Hump" has yet to be written. There is no trace of such a structure in his cousin, the llama, and this animal lives under conditions quite as rigorous as either the Bactrian or the one-humped camel. In passing, it should be mentioned that we are not justified in assuming that the oil-filled hump of the camel and the "oil-cushion" of the bottle-nosed whale, and other cetaceans, serve the same purpose; the conditions of life in the two groups are so very different.

As touching the ability to store water attributed to the camels—they can indeed do this, for times of stress; but it is carried, not in the hump, but in special cells or cavities of the stomach. These take the form of numerous chambers opening into the stomach, and attached to its under-surface in the form of a semi-circular belt, as shown in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 3). Most of these chambers open into the

"rumen," or "paunch," but some into the "reticulum," or "honeycomb." For the stomach of the camels—which are ruminants—is composed of several inter-communicating chambers. In these animals, however, the compartment of the stomach known as the "psalterium," or "many plies," is reduced to a mere vestige.

In the course of rumination, in the camels, the water swallowed is strained off from the solid food, and stored up for future use in these water-cells, which, when filled, can be closed by the contraction of muscles surrounding the aperture of each. In the accompanying photograph (Fig. 4) these "water-jars" are shown fully opened. As the march proceeds, the store, which amounts to nearly two gallons, is slowly drawn upon; but until these and the "emergency rations" of the hump are consumed the animal can rub along without undue discomfort, though

[Continued on page xiv.]



FIG. 2. WITH ITS TWO HUMPS—RECEPTACLES FOR "EMERGENCY RATIONS" IN THE FORM OF ACCUMULATED FAT: THE BACTRIAN CAMEL, DIFFERENT FROM THE ARABIAN, OR ONE-HUMPED, SPECIES.

The Bactrian, or two-humped camel, is a shorter and more heavily-built animal than the Arabian camel, and has shorter toe-joints, enabling it to obtain a sure foot-hold over rocky and uneven ground, while the hair is much longer, owing to the bitter weather it has to face during the winter months.

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(Continued from Page 668.)

Jask at 9.5 a.m., and arrived at Pasni, a station in the desert, at 1 p.m. This re-fuelling place is right in the desert, in Baluchistan. After a delay of two hours owing to a defective re-fuelling pump, we left Pasni at 4.20 p.m., and about fifteen miles from Karachi we were escorted in by three R.A.F. planes. Circling over Karachi, we landed at 7.15 p.m., a little before dark. The distance from England to Karachi is about 5000 miles, and the total flying time was 58 hours 35 minutes.

THE RETURN JOURNEY.

On April 7 we left Karachi at 8.15 a.m. in the *City of Baghdad*, piloted by Captain T. Attwood. The passengers were Viscount Chetwynd; the Hon. Eve Chetwynd; Air Vice-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond, the Air Officer Commanding in India, who was going home on leave; Mr. Roche (Viscount Chetwynd's secretary), and myself. We arrived at Pasni at 10.45 a.m., left at 11.45 a.m., and arrived at Jask at 3.30 p.m. The weather was fine, and at Jask, as the aerodrome is about three miles from the Telegraph headquarters, they provided camels for us. We had an enjoyable stop, paddled, played tennis, and had an excellent dinner, thanks to Mr. Janes. We left Jask at 6.10 a.m. on April 8, with a following wind, and arrived at Lingah at 8.20 a.m., where we delivered the magneto, much to the joy of the stranded Chinamen. We left Lingah at 9.10 a.m., and reached Bushire at 12.45 p.m., where we were kindly entertained by Lieut.-Col. Dickson and his wife, of the British Residency, the Resident himself being away. We left Bushire at 2.50 p.m., again having a following wind, and arrived at Basra at 4.30 p.m. It was decided not to stop the night here, but to push on to Baghdad, so we left Basra at 5.5 p.m., in the *City of Teheran*, piloted by Captain D. Travers, flying the last hour in the dark, and arriving at Baghdad at 8 p.m. There we had a very comfortable night, after having flown 1050 miles in that day. To avoid delays through dust-storms, it was decided to leave Baghdad at 6.40 a.m., about two hours ahead of our scheduled time, which somewhat threw out the postal arrangements, but the mails could easily have been put on board before we started. They were sent on after us by the kindness of the R.A.F., and were

eventually picked up at Alexandria. It was very hot and bumpy over the Syrian Desert, but immediately we got to the Judean Hills there was a wonderful change in the temperature, which became almost cold in comparison. We arrived at Gaza at 1.30 p.m., well ahead of time, left at 3 p.m., and reached Aboukir (Alexandria) at 6 p.m. There we stayed the night. Owing to the mass of mail from India to Baghdad and Egypt, Mr. Roche and Major Bullock had to be left behind. Sir Samuel Hoare, who had been flying in Africa, here rejoined the flying-boat. The Empire and Imperial Airways owe a deep debt of gratitude to our Air Minister, who has been most untiring in his efforts to get these important trunk lines in operation. We left Alexandria at 1.45 p.m. with Captain S. Stocks and Captain Cross, the superintendent of the line, as pilots; and on the way to Naples stopped at Tobruk, Suda Bay, Athens, and Corfu. We sighted Stromboli, smoking away in the distance, but did not see Mount Etna, and arrived at Naples at 7 p.m. We left here on April 13 at 10.50 a.m., and arrived at Lake Bracciano, near Rome, at 11.55 a.m., as the Italian Air Minister, Signor Balbo, was anxious to meet Sir Samuel Hoare.

Leaving Bracciano at 2 p.m., we arrived at Genoa at 4.45 p.m. Thence we went by train to Basle, and on April 14 we left in the *City of Gloucester* (pilot Captain O. P. Jones) at 7.30 a.m., and arrived in Paris at 11.40 a.m., and at Croydon at 2.13 p.m., two minutes ahead of schedule time. The total flying time of the journey back was 57 hours 15 minutes.

This journey, we hope, will run from now onwards fairly well to schedule time, but owing to gales in the Mediterranean, fog, and sand-storms, slight delays may be inevitable. The flying is not at all fatiguing; the longest flight does not exceed more than four and a half hours. The machines of the Mediterranean route and the Eastern section are very comfortable, and they are much more silent than those used on the Paris-Basle route. The heat is not felt much in machines of this sort, because they are enclosed, and the windows can be opened. The continual alteration of time is, at first, a little confusing, as the approximate difference in time between London and Karachi is five and a half hours. In coming from Karachi to England—that is, flying from east to west—you are

gaining time, and consequently have more daylight; so it would be quite easy to reduce the Karachi-to-England time to six days, and later on, when parts of the route are flown by night, a further saving of time could be achieved. The comfort is unquestionable, but it is not proposed to take any passengers just yet until rest-houses are equipped, so that passengers will not have to depend on the hospitality which was most generously given to us in every place we stayed and made the journey so comfortable.

A very warm tribute must be made to the pilots and mechanics of Imperial Airways, with their wonderful record of "safety and reliability."

DIAMONDS AND DEMENTIA.

(Continued from Page C.)

badge of high office. I could recall the story of the emerald fashioned like a lens and used by Nero to view the gladiators in the Roman arena; or the history of the great ruby owned by the King of Ceylon, about which Marco Polo wrote. I could tell of wonderful pearls which have left their mark on history, and write a book about famous diamonds, such as the Great Mogul or the Orloff, which was buried in the calf of a man's leg for six months. But, whether one's taste is for the ruby, emerald, or pearl, one has to admit that the diamond is universally recognised as the hardest; the most imperishable, and the most brilliant of minerals. Yet the real brilliance of the stone is not displayed until it has been faceted by the work of the lapidary, an art which has been developed within the past two hundred years.

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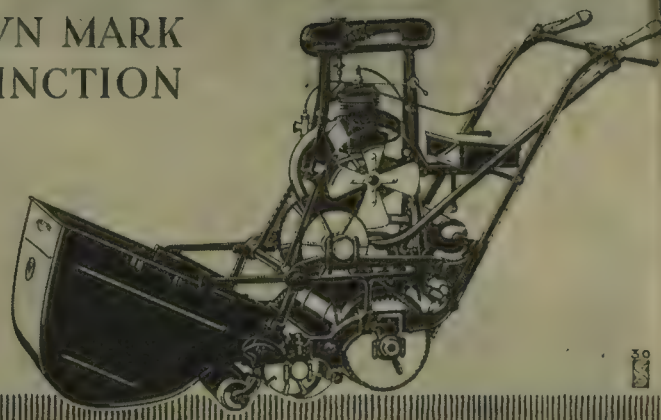
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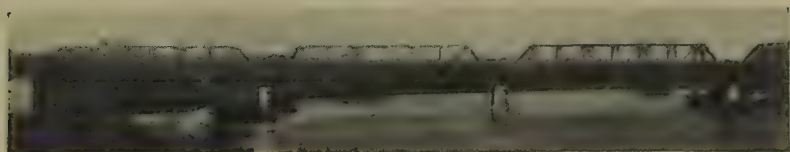
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(Continued.)

fasting, or with very little food. It does not seem to be generally realised that the stomach of the elephant is capable of storing a considerable quantity of water, though the elephant itself is not only well aware of the fact, but makes good use of it. My old friend

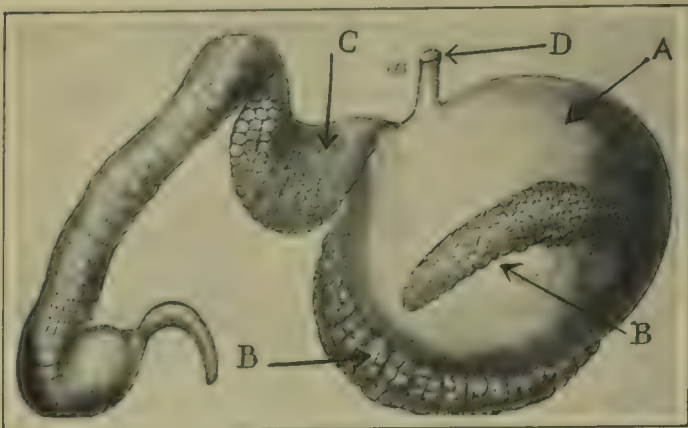


FIG. 3 HOW THE CAMEL STORES WATER IN ITS STOMACH: THE PAUNCH, OR RUMEN (A) WITH THE WATER-CELLS (B) ENCIRCLING IT; SHOWING ALSO THE SECOND STOMACH, OR RETICULUM (C) AND THE OESOPHAGUS (D).

The humps of the camel contain "emergency rations" for fasting marches. In addition, these animals are enabled to store water in special cavities in the stomach. These are found also in the South American llamas, which are really humpless camels. These water-cells form a broad belt encircling the rumen, or paunch, and the second stomach, or reticulum.

the late Captain F. C. Selous, in one of his books, in describing his chase of a wounded animal, tells us that from time to time it would place its trunk in its mouth, and, sucking up water from its stomach, would squirt it between its legs and over its shoulders in refreshing showers.

The Bactrian camel, it is to be noted, is one of the few animals which can, and will, freely drink salt water. On the Mongolian and Kirghiz steppes, indeed, it can get little else; and for its food it must contrive to subsist on the saline and bitter plants rejected by almost all other animals. Both this species and the Arabian camel contrive in some mysterious way to munch, without the slightest discomfort or injury to their mouths, the thorniest of

branches, for the sake of such nourishment as they will yield. Desert plants, indeed, of whatever kind, are invariably more or less thorny. But the Bactrian camel is not necessarily a vegetarian. At need he will eat anything he may come across, including felt blankets, bones and skins of animals, and fish!

By some strange perversity the Bactrian camel is nearly always called the "dromedary." But this term should rightly be restricted to the lighter, and swifter, breeds of the one-humped or Arabian camel. But this by the way. By whatever name we call them, it must be admitted that they are ungainly-looking animals. This is partly due to the "tucked-up" condition of the abdomen, which exposes the whole length of the thigh-bone, a feature seen in no other quadrupedal mammals. But when we come to examine the legs of these animals a little closely, we find some extremely interesting relationships between structure and habit. On the true knee-joint, answering to the "stifle-joint" of the horse, there is a thick, horny pad; another is found on the wrist-joint—

usually called the "knee"; and yet a third is found on the breast. These are all points of contact with the ground while the animal is at rest, and they have been developed in response to the hardening of the skin by the weight imposed. The fact that these pads are present in the newly born camel, before ever it has rested after the manner of the adults, has been used as an argument in support of the theory of the "transmission of acquired characters," and that interpretation is surely justified, though it has probably required an immense number of generations for this

transmission to be effected. Finally, the country of origin of the camels, whether of the Bactrian or the Arabian type, is unknown, for there are no really wild camels anywhere in the world; the "wild camels" living in remote parts of Turkestan are probably "feral"—that is to say, they are the descendants of animals which had escaped from captivity. Since the more primitive camelidae are all found in the New World, it is probable that camels, as we know them, came into being there, and, migrating into the Old World at some remote period in the world's history, became subjugated by man, who in course of time, perhaps, exterminated the wild stock.

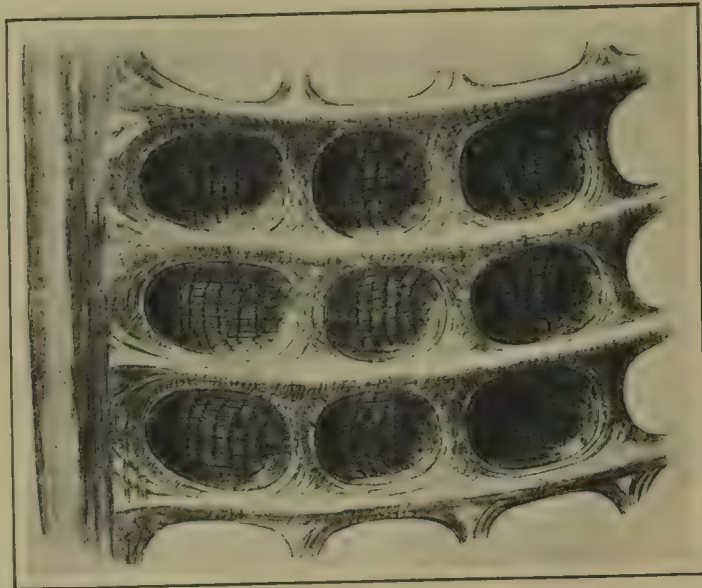


FIG. 4. SOME OF THE WATER-CELLS IN A CAMEL'S STOMACH WHICH HOLD IN ALL OVER TWO GALLONS, AND CLOSE, BY CONTRACTION, WHEN FULL: MOUTHS OF WATER-CELLS HERE SHOWN WIDE OPEN.

When the stomach is opened, the mouths of these water-cells are seen wide open. But during life, as soon as they are filled, the muscular tissue surrounding the mouth of each contracts, closing the cell. Rather more than two gallons of water can be stored for this purpose. Since the stomachs of the llamas and the camels are so closely alike, it seems strange that the camels alone should have developed "humps."

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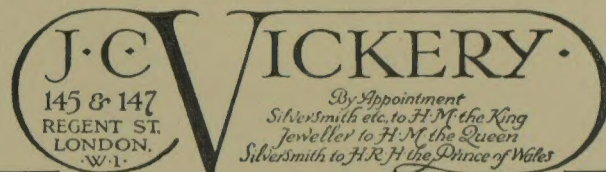
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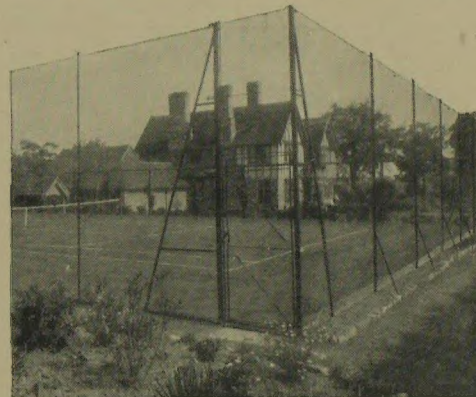
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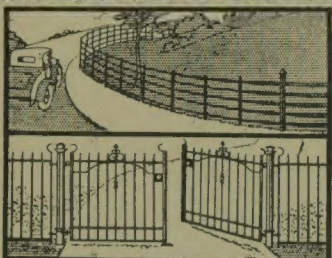
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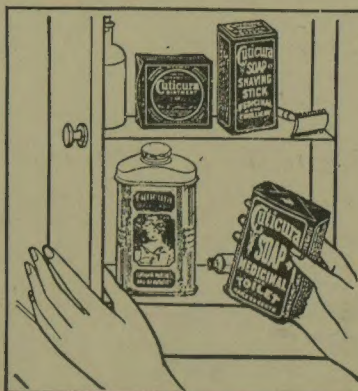
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